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H Y M N S

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS,

USUALLY SUNG AT
CAMP-MEETINGS, ETC.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. TOTTEN.



Let the inhabitants of the Rock sing; let them shout
from the top of the mountain.—*Isa. xlii. 14.*

TWENTY-FOURTH EDITION.

NEW YORK—HOWE & BATES

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year 1826, by JOHN C. TOTTER, in the Clerk's
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P R E F A C E.

THIS little book has passed through upwards of *twenty editions*, and notwithstanding a number of small collections of Hymns have been published in *imitation*, yet this still retains its popularity, and the demand is in nowise diminished. By a late calamitous fire in the city of New York, the stereotype plates of this volume were destroyed, which has been the occasion of some delay in executing orders. It is believed, however, that the improved style in which it is got up, the new Hymns which have been introduced, the beauty of the typography, and the neatness of the binding, will more than compensate for the disappointment.

It is not pretended that all the Hymns in this book are in the best style of poetry, but it is believed, that none are contained in it, that have not their admirers—either on account of their being adapted to some peculiar

and favourite air, or on account of their spiritual and devotional sentiments. To all sincere Christians, who take delight in singing the praises of the most high God, this small collection is respectfully commended.

Those who may wish to obtain a larger collection, than can possibly be afforded for the very low price at which this volume is sold, will find "THE ZION SONGSTER," *compiled by Peter D. Myers*, to be the most extensive, and in all other respects, probably the very best book of the kind.

NEW YORK, 1836.

H Y M N S
AND
SPIRITUAL SONGS.

HYMN 1. P. M.

1 **A** WAKE, O guilty world, awake;
Behold the earth's foundation shake,
While the Redeemer bleeds for you;
His death proclaims to Adam's race,
Free grace, free grace, free grace, free grace,
To all the Jews and Gentiles too.

2 Come, guilty mortals, come and see,
Your Saviour hanging on a tree,
For you all dress'd in purple gore:
His weight of wo did veil the sun,
'Tis done, 'tis done, 'tis done, 'tis done,
That man might live for evermore.

3 Behold the wounded Lamb of God,
Spreading his bleeding hands abroad,
Come see him yielding up to death,
Behold him in his agonies!
He dies, he dies, he dies, he dies,
And yields his last expiring breath.

4 He dies, and triumphs over death,
To give the dead immortal breath,
And spread the wonders of his name;
Shout, brethren, shout with cheerful voice
Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, rejoice,
And give the glory to the Lamb.

HYMN 2. P. M.

1 **H**OSANNA to Jesus, I am fill'd with
 his praises ;
 Come, O my dear brethren, and help me to
 sing ;
 No theme is so charming, no love is so
 warming,
 It gives joy and gladness, and comfort
 within.

CHORUS.

*Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna, we'll raise,
 Hosanna, hallelujah to the Lamb for free
 grace.*

2 Hosanna is ringing, O how I love singing,
 There's nothing so sweet as the sound of his
 name :
 The angels in glory repeat the glad story,
 Of Jesus' love which is made known to men.

Hosanna, &c.

3 Hosanna to Jesus, who died for to save us,
 I'll serve him and love him wherever I go :
 He's now gone to heaven, the spirit is given,
 To quicken and comfort his children below.

Hosanna, &c.

4 Hosanna for ever, his grace like a river
 Is rising and spreading all over the land ;

His love is unbounded, to all it's extended,
And sinners are feeling the heav'nly flame.

Hosanna, &c.

5 Hosanna to Jesus, my soul how it pleases,
To see sinners falling and crying to God!
To see them now rising, 'tis truly surprising,
They've found peace and pardon in Jesus'
blood.

Hosanna, &c.

6 Hosanna is ringing, O how they are
singing
The praises of Jesus and tasting his love;
The sound goes to heaven, the spirit is
given,
It rolls through my soul from the mansions
above.

Hosanna, &c.

7 Hosanna to Jesus, my soul feels him
precious,
In sweet streams of glory he comes from
above;
My heart is now glowing, I feel his blood
flowing,
I'm sure that my Jesus I really do love.

Hosanna, &c.

8 Hosanna is ringing, the saints they are
singing,
And marching to glory in bright royal bands:

Come on, my dear brethren, let's all go to
 heaven,
 For Jesus invites us with crowns in his
 hands.

Hosanna, &c.

9 Hosanna to Jesus, my soul sweetly rises;
 I'll soon be transported to a happier clime,
 Where I shall see Jesus, and dwell on his
 praises,
 And with him in glory eternally shine.

Hosanna, &c.

HYMN 3. P. M.

1 **T**HE Son of man they did betray,
 He was condemned and led away:
 Think, O my soul, on that dread day:
 Look on Mount Calvary.
 Behold him lamblike led along,
 Surrounded by a wicked throng,
 Accused by each lying tongue,
 And then the Lamb of God they hung
 Upon the shameful tree.

2 'Twas thus the glorious sufferer stood,
 With hands and feet nail'd to the wood,
 From every wound a stream of blood,
 Came flowing down amain.
 His bitter groans all nature shook,
 And at his voice the rocks were broke,
 The sleeping saints their graves forsook,
 While spiteful Jews around him mock'd,
 And laughed at his pain.

3 Now hung beneath the earth and skies,
Behold! in agonies he dies!

O sinners hear his mournful cries,

Come see his tort'ring pain.

The morning sun withdrew his light,
Blush'd and refused to view the sight:

The azure clothed in robes of night,
All nature mourn'd and stood affright,

When Christ the Lord was slain.

4 Hark! men and angels hear the Son!

He cries for help, but O there's none,

He treads the winepress all alone,

His garments stain'd with blood.

In lamentations hear him cry,

"Eloi, lama sabachthani!"

Tho' death may clothe his languid eyes,

He soon will mount the upper skies.

The conq'ring Son of God.

5 The Jews and Romans in a band,

With hearts like steel around him stand,

And mocking, say, "Come save the land,

"Come try yourself to free:"

A soldier pierced him when he died;

Then healing streams came from his side,

And thus my Lord was crucified;

Stern justice then was satisfied,

Sinners, for you and me:

6 Behold, he mounts the throne of state,

He fills the mediatorial seat,

While millions bowing at his feet

With loud hosannas tell:
Though he endured exquisite pains,
He led the monster death in chains:
Ye seraphs raise your highest strains,
With musick fill bright Eden's plains:
He conquer'd Death and Hell.

7 'Tis done! the dreadful debt is paid,
The great atonement now is made;
Sinners on him your guilt was laid,
For you he spilt his blood:
For you his tender soul did move,
For you he left the courts above,
That you the length and breadth might prove,
And height and depth of perfect love,
In Christ your smiling God.

8 All glory be to God on high,
Who reigns enthroned above the sky,
Who sent his Son to bleed and die,
Glory to him be given;
While heaven above his praise resounds,
O Zion sing—his grace abounds;
I hope to shout eternal rounds,
In flaming love that knows no bounds,
When swallow'd up in heaven.

HYMN 4. L. M.

1 **T**O-DAY if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your
choice;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?

- 2 Say, will you be for ever blest,
And with this glorious Jesus rest?
Will you be saved from guilt and pain?
Will you with Christ for ever reign?
- 3 Make you your choice, and halt no more,
For now he's waiting for the poor;
Say now, poor souls, what will you do?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?
- 4 Once more I ask you in his name,
(I know his love remains the same:)
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ or no?
- 5 Ye dear young men, for ruin bound,
Amidst the gospel's joyful sound,
Come, go with us, and you shall prove,
The joys of Christ's redeeming love.
- 6 Your sports and all your glitt'ring toys,
Compared with our celestial joys,
Like momentary dreams appear,
Come, go with us, your souls are dear.
- 7 Or must we leave you bound to hell,
Resolved with devils there to dwell?
Still we will weep, lament and cry,
That God may change you ere you die.
- 8 Young ladies now we look to you;
Are you resolved to perish too?
To rush in carnal pleasures on,
And sink in flaming rivers down?
- 9 Then, blooming friends, a long farewell,
We're bound to heaven, but you to hell;

Still God may hear us while we pray,
And change you ere the burning day.

10 Come, ye that love the blessed Lord,
And feel redemption in his blood;
Let's watch and pray, and travel on,
Till Jesus comes to call us home.

11 A few more days and we shall go,
From all our cares and foes below;
In shouts of triumph we shall fly,
And dwell with Christ eternally.

HYMN 5. P. M.

1 **S**TOP, poor sinners, stop and think,
Before you farther go;
Can you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting wo?
Hell beneath is gaping wide,
Vengeance waits the dread command,
Soon will stop your sport and pride,
And sink you with the damn'd.

CHORUS.

*Then be entreated now to stop,
For unless you warning take,
Ere you are aware you'll drop
Into a burning lake.*

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod,
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that great day,
When he judgment will proclaim?

When the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame?

Then be entreated, &c.

3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
And drag you to the bar :
Then to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair.
All your sins will round you crowd ;
Sins of a blood-crimson die ;
Each for vengeance cry aloud,
And what will you reply ?

Then be entreated, &c.

4 Though your hearts be made of steel,
Your foreheads lined with brass,
God, at length, will make you feel,
He will not let you pass.
Sinners then in vain will call,
(Though they now despise his grace,)
Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face.

Then be entreated, &c.

5 But as yet there is a hope,
You may his mercy know ;
Though his arm be lifted up,
He still forbears the blow.
It was for sinners Jesus died,
Sinners he invites to come :
None that comes can be denied—
He says there still is room.

For Jesus' sake, I pray you stop, &c.

HYMN 6. P. M.

1 **M**ERCY, O thou Son of David,
Thus poor blind Bartimeus pray'd,
Others by thy grace are saved,
Now vouchsafe to me thy aid.

2 While he cried many chid him,
But he prayed the louder still;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him,
Come and ask me what you will.

3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he ask'd, and Jesus granted
Alms which none but he could give.

4 Lord, remove this grievous blindness
Let my eyes behold the day;
Straight he saw and won by kindness,
Follow'd Jesus in the way.

5 Now methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around:
Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!

6 O that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advised by me,
Surely they would come unto him,
He would cause them all to see.

7 Now I freely leave my garments,
Follow Jesus in the way;
He will guide me by his counsel,
Lead me to eternal day.

8 There I shall behold my Saviour,
Spotless, innocent and pure :
There with him will reign for ever,
If I to the end endure.

HYMN 7. C. M.

1 **I**N evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopt my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies of blood ;
He fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath,
Shall I forget that look ;
He seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt
And plunged me in despair ;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt
And help'd to nail him there.

5 Alas ! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain ;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?
For I the Lord have slain.

6 A second look he gave, which said,
I freely all forgive ;
This blood is for thy ransom paid :
I died that thou mayst live.

7 With pleasing grief and mournful joy,
 My spirits now were fill'd ;
 That I should such a life destroy,
 Yet live by him I kill'd.

HYMN 8. P. M.

1 **T**HROUGHOUT the Saviour's life we
 trace,

Nothing but shame and deep distress,
 No period else is seen ;

Till he a spotless victim fell,
 Tasting in soul a painful hell,
 Caused by the creature sin.

2 On the cold ground methinks I see,
 My Saviour kneel and pray for me,
 For this I him adore :

Seized with a chilly sweat throughout,
 Blood drops did force their passage out,
 Through ev'ry opening pore.

3 The piercing thorns his temples bore,
 His back with lashes all was tore,
 Till thou the bones might see ;

Mocking they push'd him here and there,
 Marking his way with blood and tears,
 Press'd by the heavy tree.

4 Thus up the hill he painful came,
 Round him they mock'd and made their
 game.

At length his cross they rear,
 And can you see the mighty God,
 Cry out beneath sin's heavy load,
 Without one thankful fear ?

5 Thus veiled in humanity,
 He dies in anguish on the tree;
 What tongue his grief can tell?
 The shudd'ring rocks their heads recline
 The morning sun refused to shine,
 When the Redeemer fell.

6 Shout, brethren, shout in songs divine,
 He drank the gall to give us wine,
 To quench our parching thirst;
 Seraphs advance your voices higher,
 Bride of the Lamb unite the choir,
 And laud the precious Christ.

HYMN 9. L. M.

1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 See! from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down,
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

3 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small;
 Love so amazing! so divine!
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN 10. P. M.

1 **I**S there any body here like weeping
 Mary?
 Call on my Jesus, and he'll draw nigh,

- O glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory be to God who rules on high.
- 2 Is there any body here like sinking Peter?
Call on my Jesus, and he'll draw nigh;
O glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory be to God who rules on high.
- 3 Is there any body here like blind Barti-
meus?
Call on my Jesus, and he'll draw nigh
O glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory be to God who rules on high.
- 4 Is there any body here like faithless
Thomas?
Call on my Jesus, and he'll draw nigh
O glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory be to God who rules on high.
- 5 Is there any body here that wants salva-
tion?
Call on my Jesus, and he'll draw nigh;
O glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory be to God who rules on high.

HYMN 11. P. M.

- 1 'LISTED into the cause of sin,
Why should a good be evil?
Musick, alas! too long has been
Press'd to obey the devil.
Drunken, or lewd, or light the lay,
Flow'd to the soul's undoing;
Widen'd and strew'd with flow'rs the way,
Down to eternal ruin.

2 Who on the part of God will rise!

Innocent sounds recover;

Fly on the prey and seize the prize,

Plunder the carnal lover;

Strip him of ev'ry moving strain,

Every melting measure;

Musick in virtue's cause retain,

Rescue the holy pleasure.

3 Come let us try if Jesus' love,

Will not as well inspire us:

This is the theme of those above,

This upon earth shall fire us,

Say, if your hearts are tuned to sing,

Is there a subject greater?

Harmony all its strains may bring:

Jesus' name is sweeter.

4 Jesus the soul of musick is,

His is the noblest passion;

Jesus' name is joy and peace,

Happiness and salvation.

Jesus' name the dead can raise

Show us our sins forgiven:

Fill us with all the life of grace,

Carry us up to heaven.

5 Who have a right like us to sing?

Us whom his mercy raises;

Cheerful our hearts, for Christ is king—

Joyful are all our faces.

Who of his perfect love partakes,

He evermore rejoices;

Melody in our hearts we make ;
Melody with our voices.

6 He that a sprinkled conscience hath ;
He that in God is merry.
Let him sing psalms the Spirit saith ;
Joyful and never weary ;
Offer the sacrifice of praise,
In spirit never ceasing ;
Spiritual songs and anthems raise,
Worship and thanks and blessing.

7 Then let us in his praises join,
Triumph in his salvation ;
Glory ascribe to love divine,
Worship and adoration.
Heaven already is begun,
Open'd in each believer ;
Only believe and then sing on,
Heaven is ours for ever.

HYMN 12. P. M.

1 JESUS, at thy command,
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep ;
For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

2 Thou art my pilot—wise,
My compass is thy word
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord :
I'll trust thy faithfulness and power,
To save me in the trying hour.

3 Though rocks and quicksands deep,
Through all my passage lie;
Yet Christ will safely keep,
And guard me with his eye.

My anchor, HOPE, will firm abide,
And every boisterous storm outride.

4 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms forbear to toss;
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss :

For more the treach'rous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

5 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest,
My soul thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast ;
O may I gain the heav'nly shore,
Where winds and waves disturb no more.

6 Come, Holy Ghost, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace ;
Waft me from all below,
To heaven my destined place.
There in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMN 13. P. M.

1 SEE th' eternal Judge descending,
Seated on his Father's throne ;
Now, poor sinner, Christ will show thee
That he's with the Father one ;
Trumpets call thee,
Stand and hear thy awful doom.

2 Hear the sinner now lamenting,
At the sight of fiercer pain ;
Cries and tears he now is venting,
But he weeps and cries in vain :
Greatly mourning,
That he ne'er was born again.

3 Yonder sits my slighted Saviour
With the marks of dying love ;
O ! that I had sought his favour,
When I felt his spirit move !
Doom'd I'm justly,
For I have against him strove.

4 All his wooing I have slighted,
While he daily sought my soul,
If my vows to him I plighted,
Yet for sin I broke them all ;
Golden moments,
How neglected did they roll !

5 There I see my godly neighbours,
Who were once despised by me ;
Now they're clad in dazzling splendour,
Waiting my sad fate to see ;
Farewell neighbours—
Dismal gulf I'm bound for thee.

6 Hail ! ye ghosts that dwell in darkness,
Groaning, rattling of your chains :
Christ has now denounced my sentence,
I'm to dwell in endless pains ;
Down I'm rolling,
Never to return again.

7 Now experience plainly shows me,
 Hell is not a fabled thing,
 Now I see my friends in glory,
 Round the throne they ever sing;
 I'm tormented,
 With an everlasting sting.

HYMN 14. P. M.

1 **F**ROM the regions of love, lo, an angel
 descended,
 And told the strange news how the babe was
 attended;
 Go, shepherds, and visit this wonderful
 stranger,
 See yonder bright star—there's your Lord in
 the manger.

CHORUS.

*Hallelujah to the Lamb who has purchased
 our pardon,
 We will praise him again when we pass over
 Jordan.*

2 Glad tidings I bring unto you and each
 nation,
 Glad tidings of joy—now behold your sal-
 vation;
 Then suddenly multitudes raise their glad
 voices,
 And shout, the Redeemer, while heaven
 rejoices. *Hallelujah, &c.*

3 Now glory to God in the highest is given,
 Now glory to God is re-echo'd through
 heaven;

Around the whole earth let us tell the glad
 story,
 And sing of his love, his salvation and glory.
Hallelujah, &c.

4 Enraptured I burn with delight and desire,
 Such love, so divine, sets my soul all on fire :
 Around the bright throne hosannas are
 ringing ;
 O when shall I join them and ever be
 singing— *Hallelujah, &c.*

5 Triumphantly ride in thy chariot victo-
 rious ;
 And conquer with love, O Jesus all-glorious ;
 Thy banners unfurl—let the nations sur-
 render,
 And own thee their Saviour, their God and
 defender. *Hallelujah, &c.*

HYMN 15. P. M.

1 **H**ARK ! hear that solemn groan,
 The bless'd Redeemer dies :
 The heavens they do mourn,
 And darkness veils the skies ;
 The graves disclosed their sleeping dead,
 When Jesus bow'd his sacred head.

2 The trembling earth did speak,
 Its great astonishment ;
 The rocks in sunder brake,
 The solid marbles rent,
 The temple's veil did burst in twain,
 When Jesus died for sinful men.

3 O, what amazing love,
Did Christ our Lord bestow
To leave the realms above,
And thus to suffer wo,
That rebel man might be forgiven,
Escape from hell and reign in heaven.

4 My soul doth make a pause :—
Was it for me he died ?
And can I hate his laws,
And his dear name deride ?
No : sooner let me faint and die,
Than Christ, my blessed Lord, deny.

HYMN 16. C. M.

The means of grace.

1 COME and taste along with me,
Consolation running free,
From our Father's wealthy throne,
Sweeter than a honey-comb.

2 Why should Christians feast alone,
Two are better far than one ;
The more that come with free good will,
Make the banquet sweeter still.

3 Now I go to heaven's door,
Asking for a little more ;
Jesus gives a double share,
Calling me his chosen heir.

4 Goodness running like a stream,
Through the new Jerusalem ;
And by constant breaking forth,
Sweetens earth and heaven both.

5 Now my body doth its best,
For to keep me back from Christ;
I've a treasure coming in,
Which is opposite to sin.

6 Sinful nature, prone to vice,
Cannot stop the force of grace,
Whilst there is a God to give,
And a sinner to receive.

7 Saints in glory sing aloud,
In the praises of their God,
Now come in at heaven's door,
Making still the number more.

8 Heaven's here and heaven's there,
Comfort flowing everywhere,
This I boldly do confess,
That my soul has got a taste.

9 Now I go rejoicing home,
From the banquet of perfume,
Finding manna on the road,
Dropping from the mount of God.

10 O return, ye sons of grace,
Turn and seek God's smiling face;
Hark! he calls backsliders home,
Then from him no longer roam.

HYMN 17. P. M.

1 **W**HAT glorious sound is this I hear?
In sweetest strains it strikes my ear,
'The news of heavenly grace:

From heaven the sound is issued forth,
And spread abroad from south to north,
To Adam's fallen race.

2 The Lord of glory sends the news,
To Gentile worlds and stubborn Jews,
For all his mercy's free.

Whoever will may come and taste,
The sweetness of his matchless grace,
And his salvation see.

3 The poor, the lame, the halt, the blind,
In Christ may every blessing find,
Of which they stand in need,
Riches and strength from Christ do flow,
He'll eyesight to the blind bestow,
And raise to life the dead.

4 For hungry, thirsty souls who pine,
He hath provided milk and wine,
Which he delights to give :

There needs no money here to buy,
He'll freely give a rich supply,
To all who will receive.

5 For naked souls he's robes of grace,
For troubled souls he's gospel peace,
For sin-sick souls a cure :

For lepers the all-cleansing blood,
Hath freely from his body flow'd,
To wash and make them pure.

6 Come, sinners, now consent to taste,
This soul-refreshing gospel feast,
It will your hearts revive :

Then you may sing the Saviour's love,
And all his boundless mercy prove,
And ever with him live.

HYMN 18. P. M.

1 **B**EHOLD ! the awful day is coming,
When all must stand before God's
throne,

To hear our endless doom pronounced,
According to what we have done.

2 Come, sinners, now by me be warned,
While you enjoy a day of grace ;
Let not the gospel sound be slighted,
Lest Christ should spurn you from his face.

3 Though Christ an infant once appeared,
The humble stable his abode,
He soon, by angel-guards attended,
Will show himself the mighty God.

4 Soon you must hear the trumpet sounding,
Calling all nations to arise ;
Through earth and hell the voice resounding,
Must fill the wicked with surprise.

5 See lightnings flash, hear thunders rolling,
See stars are falling to the ground ;
See mountains melting, seas retiring,
And dire commotions all-around.

6 Now see the turfy graves are breaking
The guilty nations how they rise !

Hark! hear the guilty sinners shrieking!
Their horrid groans do pierce the skies.

7 See kings and nobles, rich and poor men,
Bond and free unite their call,
Unto the melting rocks and mountains,
"Have pity and upon us fall!

8 "Hide us, O, hide us, from the presence
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And from the wrath of him that cometh
For to roll the judgment on!"

9 But they, alas! can find no mercy,
Who once despised proffer'd grace!
But come they must, howe'er reluctant,
To stand before the Judge's face.

10 Behold the Judge! all clad with ven-
geance,
Pronouncing their eternal doom:
"Depart, ye cursed, from my presence,
In endless horror for to roam!"

11 Come, sinners, now I do beseech you,
Flee from the direful wrath to come;
Repent, believe in Christ the Saviour,
And he'll receive your spirits home.

HYMN 19. C. M.

1 **H**OW blest are they whose hearts are
clean,
From every sinful stain;

30 CAMP-MEETING HYMNS.

Who sanctified by grace have been,
And still in grace remain.

2 Come, O my soul, and stop not short,
Of sanctifying love:

Let not the world thy affections court,
Nor draw thee from above.

3 Think with surprise, at what a price,
Thy pardon hath been bought;
For thee the Saviour suffer'd pain,
For thee was set at nought.

4 For thee, who was an heir of hell,
The Lord hath purchased heaven;
For thee he did sore anguish feel,
That you might be forgiven.

5 When justice bared its sword to thee
And would have cut thee down,
As a poor barren fruitless tree,
That cumber'd long the ground.

6 How swiftly did thy Saviour move,
To save thee from the stroke,
With eyes of pity fill'd with love
He did upon thee look.

7 Canst thou forget that heavenly ray,
Which did thy guilt remove,
And banish'd all thy fears away
That gracious look of love?

8 Ah, no! I never can forget,
But ever will adore;
His lovely name I will repeat,
While on this mournful shore.

- 9 And when I bid this world adieu
I hope my heaven t' obtain,
And there in anthems ever new,
Repeat the glorious strain.

HYMN 20. L. M.

- 1 COME, sinners, leave your carnal songs,
Which can no real joy afford,
And join with us to tune our tongues,
In loud hosannas to the Lord.
- 2 This is the theme which angels love,
It much delights the saints below ;
We join the song of those above,
Come sinners sing hosannas too.
- 3 Could you but see the Son of God,
Who once on Calvary was slain,
Who shed for you his precious blood,
To wash our souls from every stain.
- 4 Your hearts, as ours, would then rejoice,
You'd gladly leave all earthly toys ;
In prayer and praise lift up your voice,
And antedate eternal joys.
- 5 All glory to the Eternal name,
He wills that you should turn and live,
With joy his love you shall proclaim,
If you will but in him believe.
- 6 Come, seek him now in wisdom's ways,
Come, bow beneath your Saviour's cross ;
Those paths are strew'd with sacred peace,
Nor can a soul herein be lost.

7 Though hell with all its powers assail,
And earth with all its force unite,
Yet earth and hell shall ne'er prevail,
Against the soul that walks upright.

8 We know that God is on our side,
And hath for us great vict'ries won;
And will, if we in him confide,
Complete the victory through his Son.

HYMN 21. S. M.

1 **H**OW can I vent my grief?
My comforter is fled!
By day I sigh without relief,
And groan upon my bed.

2 I once enjoy'd my Lord;
Lived happy in his love;
Delighted in his holy word,
And sought my rest above.

3 This world I did despise,
With all its gaudy show;
Though faith in Christ turn'd off my eyes,
From vanities below.

4 I then could praise the Lord,
For his redeeming love;
I knew his grace did peace afford,
For I that peace did prove.

5 But, O! alas my soul,
Where is thy comfort now?
Why did I let my love grow cold!
Ah! why to idols bow!

- 6 How little did I think,
When first I did begin,
To join a little with the world,
It was so great a sin.
- 7 I thought I might conform,
Nor singular appear;
Converse and dress as others did,
But now I feel the snare.
- 8 My confidence is gone,
I find no words to say;
Barren and lifeless is my soul,
When I attempt to pray.
- 9 I feel ashamed to bow,
When with the saints I meet;
While on their knees my brethren cry
I stand or keep my seat.
- 10 My soul, this will not do,
Thy day is almost past;
I must repent and turn to God,
Or sink to hell at last.
- 11 Trembling, to Christ I'll fly,
And all my sins confess;
At Jesus' cross I'll humbly fall,
And ask restoring grace.
- 12 I'll mortify my pride,
Myself I will deny;
And if I perish, Lord, at last,
Beneath thy cross I'll die.

HYMN 22. P. M.

1 **C**AMP-MEETINGS with success are
crown'd,

The wilderness and barren ground

Now blossom as the rose ;

The spices yield a rich perfume,

The rising lilies kindly bloom,

And heavenly wisdom grows.

2 The num'rous praying, preaching host,

Baptized with the Holy Ghost,

The heavenly standard raise ;

They preach and pray, and sweetly sing,

And hills, and fields, and valleys ring

With the Creator's praise.

3 Now sinners turning to the Lord,

And falling down beneath the word,

For mercy loudly cry ;

But when they taste his pard'ning love,

And feel the witness from above,

They rise and shout for joy.

4 To him who does our hearts inspire,

Baptizes all our souls with fire,

And makes us meet for heaven :

To Christ the Lord, who reigns on high,

Who rules the ocean, earth and sky,

Be endless praises given.

HYMN 23. L. M.

I **C**AMP-MEETINGS with thy presence
crown,

And show'r, O Lord, thy blessings down ;

Fill every heart with holy zeal,
And all thy righteousness reveal.

2 O'er all our hosts do thou preside,
And all our various movements guide;
The praying companies attend,
And show thyself the sinner's friend.

3 Pour out thy spirit on thy sons,
And visit thy anointed ones;
May every virgin trim her lamp,
And glory rest upon our camp.

4 May prayer and praise united rise
Like holy incense to the skies;
In all our hosts display thy power!
May souls be born again this hour!

HYMN 24. P. M.

The Saint's Sweet Home.

1 'MID scenes of confusion and creature
complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with
saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of JESUS, AT HOME.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, MY
HOME.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of
peace,
And thrice precious JESUS, whose love can-
not cease,

Though oft from thy presence in sadness I
 roam,
I long to behold thee in glory, AT HOME.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with
 thee;

Though now my temptations, like billows
 may foam,
All, all will be peace when I'm with thee AT
 HOME.

4 While here, in a valley of conflict, I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my
 day;

In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my GLORIOUS HOME.

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O! give me thy
 grace;

The Spirit's sure witness, and smile of thy
 face;

Indulge me with patience to wait at thy
 throne,

And find even now, a sweet foretaste of HOME.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to
 shine,

No more, as an exile, in sorrow to pine;

And in thy fair image arise from the tomb,

With glorified millions, to praise thee AT
 HOME.

HYMN 25. P. M.

- 1 **M**Y soul doth in Jesus rejoice;
My heart is o'erwhelm'd with his
love;
With pleasure I hear his sweet voice;
Which calls my affections above.
- 2 Farewell to all pleasures below,
Which nature and sense do afford;
Their honours I'll freely forego,
They're nothing compared with my Lord.
- 3 All fulness in Jesus doth dwell,
All fulness of peace and of joy;
His mercy redeem'd me from hell,
His blood all my sins shall destroy.
- 4 From idols and filthiness clean;
Perfected in love I shall be;
Then rise in his presence to reign,
His glorious perfections to see.
- 5 Yea, Lord, thy kind word I believe,
My soul on thy promise I stay;
Thy spirit the witness doth give,
That like my dear Lord I shall be.
- 6 Kind Jesus, impatient I wait;
Now, Lord, the full blessing impart;
In holiness make me complete,
Then take me to dwell where thou art.

HYMN 26. P. M.

- 1 **G**LORY to Jesus for his love
Flowing to every nation;

Bowels of sweet compassion move,
Offering free salvation.

Here may the poor, the lame, the blind
Every needed blessing find :

Justice and mercy here combine :
Offering free salvation.

2 Sinners repair to Jesus' arms,
Why will you slight his favour ?

Now he invites you to his charms,
Willing to be your Saviour.

O that you would on him believe,
All your transgressions he'll forgive,
Comfort and peace shall you receive,
Flowing from Christ your Saviour.

3 Now is the time, no more delay,
Fly from the path of nature ;

Fear not what scoffing sinners say,
Yield to your great Creator.

Yield ! and your soul shall soon obtain
Freedom from all your guilt and pain,

So shall you soon in glory reign,
Praising your great Creator.

4 Then shall the heavenly arches ring,
Glory to God for ever ;

Angels and saints shall join to sing,
Praises to Christ our Saviour.

Then shall the theme of perfect love,
Sounding through all the courts above,
Every tuneful passion move,

To praise the Lord our Saviour

HYMN 27. L. M.

First Part.

- 1 **D**ON'T you see my Jesus coming?
Don't you see him in yonder cloud?
With ten thousand angels round him,
See how they do my Jesus crowd!

CHORUS.

*Well-beloved blessed Saviour,
Well-beloved Priest and King!
All glory to the Lamb that was slain,
For us he did salvation bring.*

- 2 Don't you see his arms extended?
Don't you hear his charming voice
Each loving heart beats high for glory,
Oh! my Jesus is my choice.
Well-beloved, &c.

- 3 Don't you see the saints ascending?
Hear them shouting through the air!
Jesus smiling, trumpets sounding,
Now his glory they shall share.
Well-beloved, &c.

- 4 Don't you see the heavens open?
And the saints in glory there;
Shouts of triumph bursting round you,
Glory, glory, glory here!
Well-beloved, &c.

- 5 Come, backsliders, though you've pierced
him,
And have caused his church to mourn;

Yet you may regain free pardon,
If you will to him return.

Well-beloved, &c.

6 Now behold each loving spirit,
Shout the praise of his dear name,
View the smiles of their dear Jesus,
While his presence feeds the flame.

Well-beloved, &c.

7 There we'll range the fields of pleasure,
By our dear Redeemer's side ;
Shouting glory, glory, glory,
While eternal ages glide.

Well-beloved, &c.

HYMN 28. P. M.

Second Part.

1 **B**RETHREN, see my Jesus coming,
See him come in yonder cloud,
With ten thousand angels round him,
See how they do my Jesus crowd.

2 I will arise and go and meet him,
And embrace him in my arms ;
In the arms of my dear Jesus,
O there are ten thousand charms.

3 Death shall not destroy my comfort ;
Christ shall guard me through the gloom ;
Down he'll send some heavenly consort,
To convey my spirit home.

4 Jordan's stream shall ne'er o'erflow me,
While my Saviour's by my side ;

Canaan, Canaan lies before me,
Soon I'll cross the swelling tide.

5 See the happy spirits waiting,
On the banks beyond the stream;
Sweet responses, still repeating,
Jesus, Jesus, is their theme.

6 See! they whisper! hark! they call me!
Sister spirit come away!
Lo! I come, earth can't contain me!
Hail ye realms of endless day.

7 Worlds of light and crowns of glory,
Far above yon azure sky;
Though by faith I now explore ye,
I'll enjoy you soon on high.

8 Soon I'll gain a full possession,
Faith and hope shall thenceforth cease;
Lost in love's exhaustless ocean,
Love, that brightest, sweetest race.

9 Swiftly roll ye lingering hours!
Seraphs lend your glittering wings.
Love absorbs my ransom'd powers,
Heavenly sounds around me ring.

10 Worlds above are bright and glorious
All beneath is dark and void;
Conquest gain'd, I'll shout victorious,
In the praises of my God.

11 Smiling angels now surround me
Troops resplendent fill the skies;
Glory shining all around me,
While my towering spirit flies.

12 Jesus clad in dazzling splendour,
Now methinks appears in view;
Brethren, could you see my Jesus,
You would love and serve him too.

HYMN 29. P. M

The New Jerusalem.

1 **W**ITH pleasure behold,
The city of gold,
How beautiful, lovely, and bright,
Coming down from above,
In its beauty and love,
Adorned with glory and light;
Prepared as a bride,
For Immanuel's side;
Let angels rejoice at the sight:
Jerusalem new,
Its glory doth show,
The wisdom of God, and his might.

2 Its walls great and high,
Behold it with joy,
Think of it, ye saints, with delight;
Behold its foundation,
With great admiration,
With precious stones garnished bright;
It lieth four square,
A golden reed there,
With angels to measure it right;
Consider with pleasure,
Its equal in measure,
Its length, breadth, and height are alike.

3 Twelve angels there waits,
At twelve holy gates,
The righteous rejoice when they enter ;
For they will behold,
A city of gold,
The tree of life placed in the centre ;
There proceeds from the throne
Of the King, whom they own,
A river of water of life ;
As crystal it's clear,
As wine it doth cheer
The hearts of the bride, the Lamb's wife.

4 There those who do well,
With Jesus shall dwell,
For ever and ever in peace ;
They need not the moon,
Nor the bright shining sun,
In so glorious and holy a place ;
God's glory will shine,
And give light divine,
Therefore it will never be night ;
What raptures are there,
All heaven will share,
It's perfectly filled with light.

5 The saints there shall reign
With the Lamb that was slain,
The face of their King they will see
There standing before him,
To love and adore him,
His name in their foreheads will be ;
Great joy will be there,
The righteous will share,

While angels their voices are raising ;
How pleasant the singing,
Melodiously ringing,
While saints are in harmony praising.

6 How pleasant their singing,
Melodiously ringing,
All praising with cheerfulest voices ;
What melodious sounds,
Are echoing round,
While all in that city rejoices.
How rich and how great,
How good and complete,
That city which God will prepare ;
How pure and how holy,
And full of bright glory,
How beautiful, lovely, and fair.

HYMN 30. P. M.

1 **Y**E jewels of my Master,
Who shine with heavenly rays,
Amid the beams of glory,
Reflect immortal blaze ;
Ye diamonds of beauty,
With pleasing lustre crown'd,
Of heavenly extraction,
To Zion's city bound.

2 Ye lambs of my Redeemer,
The purchase of his blood,
Who feed among the lilies,
Beside the purple flood
Go on, ye happy pilgrims,
Your journey still pursue ;

And at an humble distance,
I'll sing and follow too.

3 When I beheld your order,
And harmony of soul,
And heard divinest numbers,
In pure devotion roll;
And gems immortal glowing,
With such enlivening grace,
I view'd the Saviour's image,
Impress'd on every face.

4 Speak often to each other,
To cheer the fainting mind;
And often be your voices,
In pure devotion join'd.
Though trials may await you,
The crown before you lies;
Take courage, brother pilgrims,
And soon you'll win the prize.

5 Ye shall be mine, says Jesus,
In that auspicious day,
When I make up my jewels,
Released from cumbrous clay;
He'll polish and refine you,
From worthless dross and tin,
And to his heavenly kingdom,
Will bid you enter in.

6 On that important morning,
When bursting thunders sound,
And nimble lightnings waving,
Shall wing the gloom profound.

Lift up your heads rejoicing,
And clap your joyful hands,
Lo ! you're redeem'd for ever,
From death's corrupted bands.

7 As Aaron with his girdle,
In shining jewels dress'd,
Bore all the tribes of Israel,
Inscribed upon his breast ;
So will the Priest of Zion,
Before the Father's throne,
Present the heirs of glory,
And God their kindred own.

8 The golden bells will echo,
Around the sacred hill ;
And sweet immortal anthems,
The vocal regions fill ;
In everlasting beauty,
The shining millions stand,
Safe on the rock of ages,
Amid the promised land.

9 We'll range the wide dominion,
Of our Redeemer round,
And in dissolving raptures,
Be lost in love profound ;
While all the flaming harpers,
Begin the lasting song,
With hallelujahs rolling,
From the unnumber'd throng.

HYMN 31. P. M.

1 **T**HE voice of Free Grace,
Cries escape to the mountain !

For Adam's lost race,
Christ hath open'd a fountain,
For sin and transgression,
And ev'ry pollution,
His blood flows most freely,
In streams of ablution.

CHORUS.

*Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who hath purchased our pardon,
We will praise him again,
When we pass over Jordan.*

2 That fountain so clear,
In which all may find pardon,
From Jesus' side,
Flows plenteous redemption ;
Though your sins were increased,
As high as a mountain,
His blood it flows freely,
O come to this fountain.

Hallelujah, &c.

3 Bless'd Jesus, ride on,
Thy kingdom is glorious,
O'er sin, death and hell,
Thou wilt make us victorious ;
Thy name will be praised
In the great congregation,
And saints shall delight,
In ascribing salvation.

Hallelujah, &c.

4 When on Zion we stand,
Having gain'd the blest shore,

With our harps in our hands,
 We will praise him evermore :
 We'll range the bless'd fields,
 On the banks of the river,
 And sing hallelujahs,
 For ever and ever.

Hallelujah, &c.

HYMN 32. P. M.

1 **A**Lmighty love inspire,
 My soul with sacred fire,
 And animate desire,
 My soul to renew :
 I love my blessed Jesus,
 On whom each angel gazes,
 And symphony increases,
 Above the ethereal blue.

CHORUS.

*And O give him glory,
 And O give him glory,
 And O give him glory,
 For glory is his own ;
 Yes, you may give him glory,
 And I will give him glory,
 We'll shout and give him glory,
 When we arrive at home.*

2 My tender-hearted Jesus,
 Thy love my soul amazes,
 Thou diedst for to save us,
 When lost and undone ;
 No seraph could redeem us,

No angel could retrieve us,
But Jesus alone.

And O give him glory, &c.

3 In him I have believed,
He has my soul retrieved,
From sin he has redeem'd,
My soul which was dead;
And now I love my Saviour
For I am in his favour,
And hope with him for ever,
The golden streets to tread.

And O give him glory, &c.

4 Yet here awhile I stay,
In hopes of that glad day,
When I am called away,
To the mansions above;
There to enjoy the treasure,
Of unconsuming pleasure,
And shout in highest measure,
Hallelujahs of love.

And O give him glory, &c.

5 In hopes of seeing Jesus,
When all my conflicts ceases,
To him my love increases,
To worship and adore;
Come, then, my blessed Saviour,
Vouchsafe to me thy favour,
To dwell with thee for ever,
When time shall be no more.

And O give him glory, &c.

6 Then in the blooming garden
 Of Eden, gain'd by pardon,
 Upon the banks of Jordan,
 We'll worship the Lamb;
 We'll sing the song of Moses,
 While Jesus sweet composes,
 A song that never closes,
 Of praises to his name.

And O give him glory, &c.

7 See, yonder is the glory,
 It lies but just before me,
 And there we'll tell the story,
 Of all-redeeming love;
 And there we shall for ever,
 Drink of the flowing river,
 And ever, ever, ever,
 Surround the throne of love.

O there we'll give thee glory,

O there we'll give thee glory,

O there we'll give thee glory,

And sing the song of love.

And you may give him glory, &c.

HYMN 33. P. M.

1 **L**ET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
 Come and bid our jarrings cease;
 Come, O come, and reign for ever,
 God of love, and Prince of peace.
 Visit now poor bleeding Zion,
 Hear the people mourn and weep,
 Day and night thy lambs are crying,
 Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

- 2 Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
Some for Cephas—none agree ;
Jesus, let us hear thee call us,
Help us, Lord, to follow thee.
Then we'll rush through what encumbers,
Over every hind'rance leap ;
Undismay'd by force or numbers,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 3 Lord, in us there is no merit,
We've been sinners from our youth,
Guide us, Lord, by thy good spirit,
Which will teach us all the truth.
On the gospel word we'll venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep,
Love our Lord, and Christ our Saviour,
O, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 4 Come, good Lord, with courage arm us.
Persecution rages here ;
Nothing, Lord, we know can harm us,
While our Shepherd is so near.
Glory, glory be to Jesus,
At his name our hearts doth leap :
He both comforts us, and frees us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep
- 5 Here s the Prince of your salvation,
Saying, Fear not, little flock :
I, myself, am your foundation,
You are built upon this rock.
Shun the path of vice and folly,
Scale the mount, although it's steep,

Look to me and be ye holy,
I delight to feed my sheep.

6 Christ alone, whose merit saves us,
Taught by him, we'll own his name,
Sweetest of all names is Jesus,
How it doth our souls inflame :
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Give him glory, he will keep,
He will clear your way before you,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

HYMN 34. P. M.

1 COME, my Christian brethren, come,
Let us take our journey home ;
Though we many trials meet,
Jesus makes our trials sweet.

CHORUS.

*We shall soon with Jesus be,
Happy in eternity.*

2 Brother Christians, doubt no more,
Christ your Saviour's gone before ;
He himself has mark'd the way,
Leading to eternal day.

3 Let us never be afraid,
For on Christ our help is laid ;
He will all our foes o'ercome,
He will take his exiles home.

4 Though the world revile and mock,
We are built upon the rock ;
And while thus we dwell secure,
Christ will make our goings sure.

5 Let us then in faith go on,
Till our heavenly race is run ;
Though the world and Satan frown,
We shall soon obtain a crown. *We, &c.*

HYMN 35. P. M.

1 **O** WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And dwell with him above,
To drink the flowing fountains
Of everlasting love ?
When shall I be deliver'd,
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus,
Drink endless pleasures in ?

2 And now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before,
He's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear ;
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers,
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determined
To conquer though I die,
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly :
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid it all adieu,
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on the way,

Then cast your care on Jesus,
 And don't forget to pray.
 Gird on the heav'nly armour,
 Of faith, and hope, and love,
 And when your race is ended,
 You'll reign with him above.

5 O do not be discouraged,
 For Jesus is your friend,
 And if you lack for knowledge,
 He'll not refuse to lend.
 Neither will he upbraid you,
 Though often you request,
 He'll give you grace to conquer,
 And take you home to rest.

HYMN 36. P. M.

Description of Christ.

PART FIRST.

1 **O** THOU in whose presence
 My soul takes delight,
 On whom in affliction I call;
 My comfort by day,
 My song in the night,
 My hope, my salvation, my all.

2 Where dost thou at noontide
 Resort with thy sheep,
 To feed on the pastures of love?
 For why in the valley
 Of death should I weep,
 Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 O why should I wander
 An alien from thee,

And cry in the desert for bread ?

Thy foes will rejoice,
When my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Ye daughters of Zion,

Declare have you seen,
The star that on Israel shone ?

Say if in your tents
My beloved has been,
And where with his flocks he has gone ?

5 This is my beloved,

His form is divine,
His vestments shed odours around :

The locks on his head
Are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

6 The roses of Sharon,

The lilies that grow,
In vales on the banks of the streams,
On his cheeks the bright beauty,
Of excellence glow—
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

7 His voice as the sound

Of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death ;

The cedars of Lebanon
Bow at his feet

The air is perfum'd with his breath.

8 His lips as a fountain

Of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace :

From which their salvation
The Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

9 Love sits on his eyelids,
And scatters delight,
Through all the bright mansions on high:
Their faces the cherubims
Veil in his sight,
And tremble with fulness of joy.

10 He looks, and ten thousand
Of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity
Fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of her Lord.

HYMN 37. C. M.

Description of Christ.

PART SECOND.

1 **H**IS vestments of righteousness,
Who shall describe?
Its purity words would defile:
The heavens from his presence
Fresh beauties imbibe,
And earth is made rich by his smile.

2 Such is my beloved
In excellence bright,
When pleased he looks down from above
Like the morn when he breathes
From the chambers of life,
And comforts his people with love.

3 But when armed with vengeance
In terroure he comes,
The nations' rebellions to tame;
The reins of Omnipotent
Power he assumes,
And rides in a chariot of flame.

4 A two-edged sword
From his mouth issues forth,
Bright quivers of fire are his eyes,
He speaks, and black tempests
Are seen in the north,
And storms from their caverns arise.

5 Ten thousand destructions
That wait for his word,
And ride on the wings of his breath;
Fly swift as the wind,
At the nod of their Lord,
And deal out the arrows of death.

6 His cloud-bursting thunders
Their voices resound,
Through all the vast regions on high,
Till from the deep centre
Loud echoes rebound,
And meet the quick flames in the sky.

7 The portals of heaven
At his bidding obey,
And expand ere his banner appear;
Earth trembles beneath,
Till her mountains give way,
And hell shakes her fetters with fear.

8 When he treads on the clouds,
As the dust of his feet,
And grasps the big storm in his hand,
What eye the fierce glance
Of his anger shall meet,
Or who in his presence shall stand.

HYMN 38. L. M.

Loving-kindness.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, Oh, how free!
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, Oh, how great!
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, Oh, how strong!
- 4 When trouble like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud
He near my soul has always stoed,
His loving-kindness, Oh, how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

HYMN 39. L. M.

1 **O**H! give me, Lord, my sins to mourn,
My sins which have thy body torn;
Give me with broken heart to see,
Thy last tremendous agony.

2 O, could I gain the mountain's height,
And gaze upon that wondrous sight;
O, that with Salem's daughters, I
Could stand and see my Saviour die.

3 I'd hang around his feet and cry,
Lord, save a soul condemn'd to die!
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

4 Father of mercy! drop thy frown,
And give me shelter in thy Son;
And with my broken heart comply,
O give me Jesus, or I die.

5 O Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
If thou would ease me of my guilt;
Good Lord, in mercy hear my cry,
And give me Jesus, or I die.

6 O save my soul from gaping hell,
Or else with devils I must dwell;
O might I enter, now I'm come,
Lord Jesus, save me, or I'm gone.

HYMN 40. C. M.

Affliction sweetened.

- 1 **W**HEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to reflect, how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suffering paid.
- 4 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.
- 5 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hand,
And know no will but his.
- 6 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee!

HYMN 41. P. M.

The Heavenly Mariner.

- 1 **T**HROUGH tribulations deep,
The way to glory is;

This stormy course I keep,
On these tempestuous seas
By waves and winds I'm toss'd and driven,
Freighted with grace and bound for heaven.

2 Sometimes temptations blow
A dreadful hurricane,
And high the waters flow,
And o'er my sides break in ;
But still my little ship out-braves
The blust'ring winds and surging waves.

3 When I in my distress,
My anchor, HOPE, can cast,
Within the promises,
It holds my vessel fast ;
Safely she then at anchor rides,
'Midst stormy winds and swelling tides.

4 If a dead calm ensues,
And heaven no breezes give,
The oar of prayer I use,
I tug, and toil, and strive ;
Through storms and calms for many a day
I make but very little way.

5 But when a heav'nly breeze,
Springs up and fills my sail,
My vessel goes with ease,
Before the pleasant gale ;
And runs as much an hour or more,
As in a month or two before.

6 Hid by the clouds from sight,
The sun doth not appear,

Nor can I in the night,
Behold the moon or star ;
Sometimes for days, or weeks, or more,
I cannot see the sky or shore.

7 As at the time of noon,
My quadrant, FAITH, I take,
To view my CHRIST, my sun,
If he the clouds should break ;
I'm happy when his face I see,
I know then whereabouts I be.

8 The BIBLE is my chart,
By it the seas I know,
I cannot with it part,
It rocks and sands doth show ;
It is a chart and compass too,
Whose needle points for ever true.

9 I keep aloof from pride,
These rocks I pass with care,
I studiously avoid
The whirlpool of despair :
Presumption's quicksands too I shun,
Near them I do not choose to run.

10 When through a strait I go,
Or near some coast am drove,
The plummet forth I throw,
And thus my safety prove ;
My conscience is the line which I
Fathom the depth of water by.

11 My vessel would be lost,
In spite of all my care,

But that the Holy Ghost,
Himself vouchsafes to steer
And I through all my voyages will
Depend upon my steerman's skill.

12 Ere I can reach heaven's coast,
I must a gulf pass through,
Which fatal proves to most
For all this passage go;
But all death's waves can't me o'erwhelm
If God himself is at the helm.

13 When through this gulf I get,
(Though rough it is but short,)
The pilot angels meet,
And take me into port;
And when I land on that blest shore,
I shall be safe for evermore.

HYMN 42. L. M.

1 **Y**OUNG people all attention give,
While I address you in God's name,
You who in sin and folly live,
Come hear the counsel of a friend.

2 I've sought for bliss in glittering toys,
And ranged the luring scenes of vice,
But never knew substantial joys,
Until I heard my Saviour's voice.

3 He spake at once my sins forgiven,
And wash'd my load of guilt away;
He gave me glory, peace, and heaven,
And thus I found the heav'nly way.

- 4 And now with trembling sense I view,
The billows roll beneath your feet ;
For death eternal waits for you,
Who slight the force of gospel truth.
- 5 Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone
By fleeting time or conquering death
Your morning sun may set at noon,
And leave you ever in the dark.
- 6 Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks,
Must wither like the blasted rose ;
The coffin, earth, and winding-sheet,
Will soon your active limbs enclose.
- 7 Ye heedless ones that widely stroll,
The grave will soon become your bed,
Where silence reigns and vapours roll,
In solemn darkness round your head.
- 8 Your friends will pass the lonesome place,
And with a sigh move slow along ;
Still gazing on the spires of grass,
With which your graves are overgrown.
- 9 Your souls will land in darker realms,
Where vengeance reigns and billows roar,
And roll amidst the burning flames,
When thousand, thousand years are o'er.
- 10 Sunk in the shades of endless night,
To groan and howl in ceaseless pain
And never more behold the light,
And never, never rise again.

- 11 Ye blooming youth, this is the state
Of all who do free grace refuse;
And soon with you 'twill be too late,
The way of life in Christ to choose.
- 12 Come lay your carnal weapons by,
No longer fight against your God;
But with the gospel now comply,
And heaven shall be your great reward.

HYMN 43. P. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord's into his garden come,
The spices yield a rich perfume,
The lilies grow and thrive;
Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flows to every vine,
And makes the dead revive.
- 2 O that this dry and barren ground,
In springs of water may abound,
A fruitful soil become;
The desert blossom as the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.
- 3 The glorious time is coming on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is;
I taste and see the pardon free,
For all mankind as well as me,
Who come to Christ may live.
- 4 The worst of sinners here may find,
A Saviour merciful and kind,
Who will them all receive;

None are too vile who will repent,
Out of one sinner legions went,
The Lord did him relieve.

5 Come, brethren dear, who know the Lord,
And taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesu's ways go on;
Our trials and our troubles here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

6 We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the sparkling throne,
From Jesu's throne on high;
It comes in floods we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.

7 But when we come to dwell above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply.
Jesus will lead his armies through,
To living fountains where they flow,
That never will run dry,

8 'Tis there we'll reign, and shout, and sin,
And make the upper regions ring,
When all the saints get home;
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon we shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

9 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansion there;

Now here's my heart, and here's my hand
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

HYMN 44. P. M.

1 **A** WAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
I knew not what to do;
O'erwhelm'd with guilt, with anguish slain
The sinner must be born again,
Or sink in endless wo.

2 Amazed I stood, but could not tell,
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
For death and hell drew near;
I strove indeed, but strove in vain,
The sinner must be born again,
Still sounded in my ear.

3 Then to the law I trembling fled,
It pour'd its curses on my head,
I no relief could find;
This fearful truth I found remain,
The sinner must be born again,
O'erwhelm'd my troubled mind.

4 Again did Sinai's thunder roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast unwieldy load;
Alas! I read and found it plain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or drink the wrath of God.

5 The saints I heard with rapture tell,
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;

But when I found this truth remain,
The sinner must be born again,
I sunk in deep despair.

6 While thus my soul in anguish lay,
Jesus of Naz'reth pass'd that way,
I felt his pity move;
The sinner by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

7 To heaven the joyful tidings flew,
The angels tuned their harps anew,
And loftier sounds did raise;
All hail the Lamb that once was slain,
Unnumber'd millions born again,
Shall shout thy endless praise.

HYMN 45. L. M.

The Benefit of Prayer.

1 **W**HAT various hind'rances we meet,
In coming to the mercy-seat,
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,
But wishes to be often there.

2 Pray'r makes the darkest clouds withdraw,
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining pray'r we cease to fight,
Pray'r makes the Christian's armour bright,
And Satan trembles when he sees,
The weakest saint upon his knees.

When Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.

5 Have you no words? ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear,
With the sad tale of all your care.

6 Were half the time that's vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful songs would oft'ner be,
Hear what the Lord has done for me.

HYMN 46. C. M.

The Pilgrim's Song.

1 **N**OW pilgrims let us go in peace,
While through this world we rove;
Till all these parting moments cease,
And we shall meet above.

2 Though trials here our souls annoy,
And foes beset the road,
We're hast'ning to eternal joy,
Where we shall rest with God.

3 Let us rejoice in God our King,
While pilgrims here we rove;
And join with heart and voice to sing
The wonders of his love.

4 Soon we shall reach the heavenly land,
And tread the peaceful shore;

And there unite the glorious band,
Our Jesus to adore.

5 O the transporting scenes of bliss,
Our souls shall then enjoy !
For if we be where Jesus is,
There's nothing can annoy.

HYMN 47. P. M.

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring ;
For his grace and power are such.
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin,
Lord remove this load of sin !
Let thy blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord ! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast ;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 As the image in the glass,
Answers the beholder's face,
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print thine own resemblance there.

6 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;

As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to thy journey's end.

7 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

HYMN 48. C. M.

- 1 **A**RISE and shine, O Zion fair,
Behold thy light is come;
Thy glorious conq'ring King is near,
To take his exiles home.
The trumpet's thund'ring through the sky
To set poor sinners free:
The day of wonders now is nigh,
The year of Jubilee.
- 2 Ye heralds blow your trumpets loud,
Throughout the earth and sky;
Go spread the news from pole to pole,
Behold the judgment's nigh:
Blow out the sun, turn up the earth,
Consume the rolling flood;
While ev'ry star shall disappear,
The moon turn into blood.
- 3 Arise, ye nations under ground,
Before the Judge appear;
All tongues, all languages shall come,
Their final doom to hear:
King Jesus on his azure throne
Ten thousand angels round;
While Gabriel with his silver trump
Echoes the dreadful sound.

- 4 The glorious news of gospel grace,
With sinners now is o'er;
The trump of Zion now is still,
And to be blown no more:
The watchmen all have left the walls,
And with their flocks above,
On Canaan's happy shore they sing,
And shout redeeming love.
- 5 Come, all ye pilgrims of the Lord,
Whose hearts are join'd in one,
Hold up your hands with courage bold,
Your race is almost run;
Above the clouds behold him stand,
And smiling, bid you come,
While angels beckon you away,
To your eternal home.
- 6 To see a pilgrim as he dies,
With glory in his view,
To heaven he lifts his longing eyes,
And bids the world adieu:
While friends stand weeping all around,
And loath to let him go,
He shouts with his expiring breath,
And leaves them all below.
- 7 O Christians! are you ready now,
To cross the narrow flood?
On Canaan's happy shore behold,
And see a smiling God!
The dazzling charms of that bright world
Attract my soul above,

My tongue shall shout redeeming grace,
When perfected in love.

8 Go on my brethren in the Lord,
I'm bound to meet you there,
'Tho' you've to travel th' enchanted ground,
Hold out and do not fear:
Fight on, fight on, ye conq'ring souls,
The land keep still in view,
And when you reach fair Canaan's shore,
I hope to meet with you.

HYMN 49. P. M.

1 **A**S near to Calvary I pass,
Methinks I see a bloody cross,
Where a poor victim hangs;
His flesh with rugged irons tore,
His limbs all dress'd in purple gore
Gasping in dying pangs.

2 Surprised the spectacle to see,
I ask'd, who can this victim be,
In such exquisite pain?
Why thus consign'd to woes, I cried,
"'Tis I," the bleeding Christ replied,
"To save a world from sin."

3 A Christ for rebel mortals dies!
How can it be, my soul replies,
What! Jesus die for me?
"Yes," saith the suffering Son of God,
"I give my life, I spill my blood,
For thee, poor soul, for thee."

4 Lord, since thy life thou'st freely given,
To bring my wretched soul to heaven,
And bless me with thy love ;
Then at thy feet, O God, I'll fall,
Give thee my life, my soul, my all,
To reign with thee above.

HYMN 50. C. M.

1 **O** FOR a breeze of heav'nly love,
To waft my soul away,
To the celestial world above,
Where pleasures ne'er decay.

2 Eternal Spirit, deign to be
My pilot here below,
To steer through life's tempestuous sea
Where stormy winds do blow.

3 From rocks of pride on either hand,
From quicksands of despair ;
O guide me safe to Canaan's land,
Through every latent snare.

4 Anchor me in that port above,
On that celestial shore,
Where dashing billows never move
Where tempests never roar.

HYMN 51. C. M.

1 **L**ORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply,
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
Nor streams of living joy.

2 But prickling thorns thro' all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow ;

And all the rivers that are found,
With dangerous waters flow.

3 Yet the dear path of thine abode,
Lies through this horrid land;
Lord, we would keep the heavenly road,
And run at thy command.

4 Our souls shall tread the desert through,
With undiverted feet;
And faith and flaming zeal subdue,
The terrors that we meet.

5 A thousand savage beasts of prey
Around thy forests roam;
But Judah's lion guards the way,
And guides the stranger home.

6 Long nights and darkness dwell below.
With scarce a twinkling ray;
But the bright world to which we go,
Is everlasting day.

7 By glimm'ring hopes and gloomy fears,
We trace the sacred road;
Through dismal deeps and dangerous snares
We make our way to God.

8 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upwards still;
Forget those troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.

9 See the kind angels at the gates,
Inviting us to come;
There Jesus, the forerunner waits,
To welcome travellers home.

10 There on a green and flow'ry mount,
Our weary souls shall sit ;
And with transporting joys recount
The labours of our feet.

11 No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
Nor trifles vex our ear ;
Infinite grace shall be our song,
And God rejoice to hear.

12 Eternal glories to the King,
That brought us safely through ;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

HYMN 52. C. M.

1 **T**HE glorious day is drawing nigh,
When Zion's light shall come ;
She shall arise and shine on high,
Bright as the morning sun.

2 The north and south their songs resign,
And earth's strong pillars bend ;
Adorn'd as a bride, Jerusalem,
All glorious shall descend.

3 The King that bears the golden crown
The azure flaming bow ;
The holy city shall bring down,
To bless his saints below.

4 When Zion's bleeding, conqu'ring King
Shall sin and death destroy,
The morning stars together sing,
And Zion shout for joy.

- 5 The holy bright musician band,
Shall tune their harps of gold ;
With palms of vict'ry they shall stand,
Fair Salem to behold.
- 6 Descending with such melting strains,
Jehovah's name adore ;
Such notes through earth's extensive plains,
Were never heard before.
- 7 Let Satan rage and boast no more,
Ye fiends of darkness fly,
Though saints are feeble, weak, and poor,
Their great Redeemer's nigh.
- 8 He is their shield, their hiding place,
A covert from the wind—
A shady rock of boundless grace,
Throughout this weary land.
- 9 The crystal streams run down from heaven,
They issue from the throne,
The floods of strife away are driven,
The church becomes but one.
- 10 That peaceful union she shall know,
And live upon his love ;
And shout and sing of grace below,
As angels do above.

HYMN 53. C. M.

- 1 **W**E'RE met, dear friends, in Jesu's
name,
Come, let us now rejoice,

While we our Saviour's name proclaim,
With cheerful heart and voice.

2 But O, dear Jesus, Lamb of God,
Send down thy heavenly dove,
His graces to diffuse abroad,
And warm our hearts with love.

3 In vain, dear Saviour, here we meet,
Except thy face we see;
Thy presence makes a heaven most sweet,
Where'er we meet with thee.

4 A dungeon shows a heav'nly dawn,
When there with thee we dwell;
But when thy presence is withdrawn,
A palace proves a hell.

5 Then, O dear Jesus, condescend
To meet us with a smile;
Thy spirit's quick'ning influence send,
And purge our hearts from guile.

6 That at the close each one may say,
We met not here in vain,
For we have tasted heaven to-day,
Nor could we more contain.

HYMN 54. S. M.

1 **O** SHALL we pine away,
And languish now with fear,
Because there are so few to-day,
That meet together here?

2 Let us not be afraid,
Although we are but few,

For Jesus hath a promise made,
Who faithful is and true.

3 Where two or three are met,
In my eternal name,
There doth my blessed Spirit sit,
There in the midst I am.

4 Then let us faint no more,
Nor breathe a murmuring breath ;
Nor when there are but few complain
To drown our sacred mirth.

5 For if we meet in love,
To serve the dying Lord,
We have the pure assisting Dove,
According to his word.

HYMN 55. L. M.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, dear brethren, to this
place ;
Be banish'd ev'ry slavish fear ;
We come to seek Immanuel's face,
And he has promised to be here.
- 2 Seek him in prayer—he'll surely come,
To do us good before we part ;
Each humble breast he'll make his home,
And dwell in every waiting heart.
- 3 He'll come with all his gracious train,
Of lively graces bright and strong ;
Then shall the Lamb for sinners slain,
Sound loud and sweet from ev'ry tongue.

4 O then be earnest, take no nay,
He'll answer ev'ry good desire;
Give him your hearts though cold as clay,
They'll melt like wax before the fire.

HYMN 56. L. M.

To a friend bound to sea.

1 Fare thee well! the ship is ready,
And the breeze is fresh and steady,
Hands are fast the anchor weighing,
High in air the streamer's playing.
Fill'd the sails—the waves are swelling
Proudly round thy buoyant dwelling—
Fare thee well! and when at sea,
Think on those who pray for thee.

2 When the tempest gathers o'er thee,
Dangers, wreck, and death before thee.
While the sword of fire is gleaming,
Wild the winds, the torrent streaming,
Then, a pious suppliant bending,
Let thy thoughts to heaven ascending,
Reach the mercy-seat—to be
Met by prayers that rise for thee.

3 And may He who holds the thunder
Hush the winds, and chain them under,
Quell the waters o'er thee dashing,
Still the lightning round thee flashing,
Lift the veil that darkens Heaven,
Show the arch of promise given—
May that Being ever be
Light, and guide, and shield to thee.

HYMN 57. P. M.

1 **J**ESUS, grant us all a blessing,
Send it down, Lord from above,
May we all go home a praying,
And rejoicing in thy love.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.

2 Jesus pardon all our follies,
Since together we have been ;
Make us humble, make us holy,
Cleanse us all from every sin :
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.

3 May thy blessing, Lord, go with us,
To each one's respective home :
And the presence of our Jesus,
Rest upon us every one :
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.

HYMN 58. P. M.

1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
Let each one thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace :
O refresh us, O refresh us,
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation,
In our hearts and lives be found.

May thy presence, may thy presence,
With us evermore be found.

3 So whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey:
May we ever, may we ever,
Reign with Christ in endless day.

HYMN 59. C. M.

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
O how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy garden and thy pleasure walks,
My study long have been;
Such dazzling views of human sight,
Has never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus so glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence;
What folly's this that I should dread,
To die and go from hence!

5 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend;
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths never end.

- 6 Jesus my Lord to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see;
And all my brethren here below,
Will soon come after me.
- 7 My friends, I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care,
And if I never more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.
- 8 When we've been there ten thousand
years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

HYMN 60. P. M.

- 1 **F**AREWELL, dear friends, I must be
gone,
I have no time to stay with you;
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world do view:
Farewell, farewell, farewell,
My loving friends, farewell.
- 2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortals, care or bliss,
I leave you here and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.
Farewell, &c.
- 3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound in cords of love,
Yet we believe his gracious word,
That soon we all shall meet above.
Farewell, &c.

4 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for heaven,
You've counted all things here but dross,
Fight on, the crown shall soon be given.
Farewell, &c.

5 Farewell, ye blooming sons of God,
Sore conflicts yet await for you,
Yet dauntless keep the heavenly road,
Till Canaan's happy land you view:
Fight on, fight on, fight on,
The crown shall soon be given.

6 Farewell, ye careless sinners too,
It grieves my heart to leave you here,
Eternal vengeance waits for you,
O turn and find salvation near.
O turn, O turn, O turn,
And find salvation near.

HYMN 61. C. M.

1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear;
It smooths his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast,
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;

My never failing treas'ry filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus ! my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king,
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With ev'ry fleeting breath ;
And may the musick of thy name,
Refresh my soul in death.

HYMN 62. C. M.

1 **H**OW sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word.

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part ;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above ;
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.

4 When love in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
When union sweet and dear esteem,
In every action glows.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

HYMN 63. L. M.

The Christian's Transport.

1 **O** WHAT amazing love is this?
On earth I taste immortal bliss.

I feel that voice which is divine,
And know that Jesus Christ is mine.

2 He leads me on the heav'nly road,
And feeds my soul with angels' food:
My soul how free his goodness flows,
His bleeding love no limit knows!

3 My soul hath found my Christ to-day,
I feel my darkness done away;
His presence made my bars remove,
And O, I feast on heav'nly love!

4 I feel my sins are all forgiven,
This is my Christ, my all, my heaven.
My soul begins her lasting theme,
"All glory to my God, the Lamb!"

HYMN 64. C. M.

1 'TIS good to wait upon the Lord,
When Christ himself draws near,

- And ev'ry heart with one accord,
Ascends in solemn prayer.
- 2 While thus we feel the Saviour's love,
In heav'nly show'rs descend,
Our souls commune with saints above,
In bliss that knows no end.
- 3 We taste the precious streams of grace,
The fountain makes them sing :
We travel through the wilderness,
They sit before the King.
- 4 We pray for grace to hold out well,
The conflict but begun :
They of their past engagements tell,
And sing the conquests won.
- 5 We fight the battles of the Lord,
And are sometimes cast down ;
They wield no more the warrior's sword,
But wear the conqueror's crown.

HYMN 65. C. M.

- 1 **A**RISE my soul, to Pisgah's height,
And view the promised land ;
And see by faith the glorious sight,
Our heritage at hand.
- 2 A land where pure enjoyments dwell,
And blessings most divine ;
Where saints their highest notes shall swell ;
And in bright glory shine.
- 3 There endless springs of pleasure flow,
At my Redeemer's side,

For all who live in faith below,
And in their Lord confide.

4 Fair Salem's dazzling gates are seen,
Just o'er the narrow flood ;
And fields adorn'd in living green,
The residence of God.

5 O could I cross rough Jordan's wave,
No danger would I fear,
My bark would every tempest brave,
For O, my Shepherd's near.

6 T' enrich my soul with fresh supplies,
Of faith, and hope, and love ;
With courage then I'll win the prize,
And reign with him above.

7 Though death's cold waves compass me
round,
And heavy tempests roar,
My little bark in safety's found,
For Jesus guides me o'er.

8 Should storms of grief and sorrow blow,
On this devoted breast,
My Saviour's love shall guard me through
To everlasting rest.

9 In him I live, in him I move,
My only sure defence :
The source of sweet redeeming love,
My heavenly recompense.

10 My conflicts here shall soon be past,
Where wild distraction reigns,

Through toils and death I'll reach at last,
Fair Canaan's happy plains.

11 The lamp of life will soon grow pale,
The spark will soon decay ;
And then my happy soul shall sail
To everlasting day.

HYMN 66. P. M.

1 **D**ARK and thorny is the desert,
Through which pilgrims make their
way ;

Yet beyond this vale of sorrow,
Lie the fields of endless day :
Fiends loud howling through the desert
Make them tremble as they go,
And the fiery darts of Satan,
Often bring their courage low.

2 O young soldiers are you weary,
Of the roughness of the way ?
Does your strength begin to fail you,
And your vigour to decay ?
Jesus, Jesus, will go with you,
He will lead you to his throne ;
He who died his garments for you,
And the winepress trod alone.

3 He whose thunder shakes creation,
He who bids the planets roll ;
He who rides upon the tempest,
And whose sceptre sways the whole :
Round him are ten thousand angels,
Ready to obey command,

They are always hov'ring round you,
Till you reach the heav'nly land.

4 There on flow'ry hills of pleasure,
Lie the fields of endless rest ;
Love and joy, and peace for ever,
Reign and triumph in your breast :
Who can paint the scenes of glory,
Where the ransom'd dwell on high ?
There on golden harps for ever,
Sound redemption through the sky.

5 There's a million flaming seraphs,
Who fly across the heav'nly plain,
There they sing immortal praises ;
Glory, glory, is their strain :
But methinks a sweeter concert,
Makes the heavenly arches ring ;
And the song is heard in Zion,
Which the angels cannot sing.

6 O their crowns ! how bright they sparkle,
Such as monarchs never wore ;
They are gone to richer pastures ;
Jesus is their Shepherd there :
Hail ! ye happy, happy spirits,
Death no more shall make you fear
Grief nor sorrow, pain nor anguish,
Shall no more distress you there.

HYMN 67. P. M.

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain ;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou visit us again :

Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high ;
Lest for want of thine assistance,
Ev'ry plant should droop and die.

2 Surely once thy garden flourish'd,
Ev'ry plant look'd gay and green,
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons have we seen !
But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see ;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

3 Where are those we counted leaders
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth ;
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth :
Some in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below ;
Some, alas ! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.

4 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant,
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood ;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud ;
Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again ;
O permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain.

5 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers,

Let each one esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares,
Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh ;
And begin from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

HYMN 68. P. M.

1 **Y**E virgin souls arise,
With all the dead awake !
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take :
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
Behold the heavenly bridegroom nigh.

2 He comes, he comes to call,
The nations to his bar,
And raise to glory all
Who fit for glory are :
Make ready for your full reward,
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.

3 Go meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting friend ;
Your head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend :
Ye pure in heart obtain the grace,
To see without a veil his face.

4 Ye that have here received
The unction from above,
And in his spirit lived
Obedient to his love :

Jesus shall claim you for his bride,
Rejoice with all the sanctified.

5 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
Above yon angel powers
In glorious joy to live :
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.

6 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound,
To see our Lord appear,
Watching let us be found :
When Jesus doth the heavens bow,
Be found—as Lord, thou find'st now.

HYMN 69. L. M.

1 COME, ye that love the Lord indeed,
Who are from sin and bondage freed,
Submit to all the ways of God,
And walk the narrow happy road.

CHORUS.

*We're all united heart and hand,
Join'd in one band completely ;
We're marching through Immanuel's land,
Where the waters flow most sweetly.*

2 Great tribulations you shall meet,
But soon shall walk the golden street ;
Though hell may rage and vent his spite,
Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.

We're all united, &c.

3 That happy day will soon appear,
When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear,
Sound through the earth, yea, down to hell,
To call the nations great and small.

We're all united, &c.

4 Behold the earth in burning flames,
The trumpet loudly still proclaims,
The world must come and hear her doom,
The separation now is come.

We're all united, &c.

5 Behold the righteous marching home,
The angels smile and bid them come,
While Christ the judge their joy proclaims,
"Here comes my saints, I own their names."

We're all united, &c.

6 "Ye everlasting gates fly wide,
Make ready to receive my bride;
Ye harps of heaven sound aloud,
Here comes the purchase of my blood."

We're all united, &c.

7 In grandeur see the royal line,
Whose glitt'ring robes the sun outshine,
While saints and angels join in one,
And march in splendour to the throne.

We're all united, &c.

8 They stand in wonder and look on,
They join in one eternal song,
Their great Redeemer to admire,
While rapture sets their souls on fire.

We're all united, &c.

HYMN 70. L. M.

1 **T**HERE is a heaven o'er yonder skies,
A heaven where pleasure never dies,
A heaven I sometimes hope to see,
But fear again 'tis not for me.

*But Jesus, Jesus is my friend, O hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Jesus, Jesus is my friend.*

2 The way is difficult and strait,
But narrow is the gospel gate,
Ten thousand dangers are therein,
Ten thousand snares to take me in.

But Jesus, &c.

3 I travel through a world of foes,
Through conflicts sore my spirit goes;
The tempter cries, I ne'er shall stand,
Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land.

But Jesus, &c.

4 The way of danger I am in,
Beset with devils, men, and sin;
But in this way thy track I see,
And mark'd with blood it seems to be.

But Jesus, &c.

5 Come life, come death, come then what
will,

His footsteps I will follow still;
Through dangers thick and hell's alarms,
I shall be safe in his dear arms.

O Jesus, &c.

6 Then, O my soul, arise and sing.
Yonder's thy Saviour, Friend, and King.

With pleasing smiles he now looks down,
And cries, "Press on, and here's the crown."

O Jesus, &c.

7 "Prove faithful then a few more days,
Fight the good fight and win the race;
And then thy soul with me shall reign.
Thy head a crown of glory gain."

O Jesus, &c.

8 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last joyful trump shall sound,
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

O Jesus, &c.

HYMN 71. C. M.

1 **F**ROM all that's mortal, all that's vain,
And from this earthly clod,
Arise, my soul, and strive to gain,
Some fellowship with God.

2 Say what is there below the sky,
O'er all the paths thou'st trod,
Can suit thy wishes or thy joys,
Like fellowship with God.

3 Not life nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flowery road,
Can to my soul such bliss impart,
As fellowship with God.

4 Not health or friendship here below,
Nor wealth, that golden load,
Can such delights and comforts show,
As fellowship with God.

- 5 When I in love am made to bear,
Affliction's needful rod ;
Light, sweet and kind the strokes appear,
Through fellowship with God.
- 6 In fierce temptation's fiery blast,
And dark distraction's road ;
I'm happy if I can but taste,
Some fellowship with God.
- 7 And when the icy arms of death,
Shall chill my flowing blood,
With joy I'll yield my latest breath,
In fellowship with God.
- 8 When I at last to heaven ascend,
And join that blest abode—
There an eternity I'll spend,
In fellowship with God.

HYMN 72. P. M.

- 1 **T**H**E**RE is a land of pleasure,
Where streams of joy for ever roll,
'Tis there I have my treasure,
And there I hope to rest my soul.
Long darkness dwelt around me,
With scarcely once a cheering ray ;
But since my Saviour's found me,
A light has shone along my way.
- 2 My way is full of danger,
But it's the path that leads to God,
Then like a valiant soldier,
I'll dauntless keep the happy road.

Now I must gird my sword on,
My helmet, breastplate, and my shield,
And fight the hosts of Satan,
Until I gain the heavenly field.

3 I'm on my way to Canaan,
Still guided by my Saviour's hand :
O come along dear sinner,
And see Immanuel's happy land.
To all that stay behind me,
I bid a long, a long farewell !
O come, or you'll repent it,
When you do reach the gates of hell !

4 The vale of tears surrounds me,
And Jordan's current rolls before !
O how I stand and tremble,
To hear the dismal waters roar !
Whose hand shall then support me,
And keep my soul from sinking there ;
From sinking down to darkness,
And to the regions of despair ?

5 The waves shall not affright me,
Although they're deeper than the grave,
If Jesus will stand by me.
I'll calmly ride on Jordan's wave.
His word has calm'd the ocean,
His lamp has cheer'd the gloomy vale :
O may this friend be with me
When through the gates of death I sail.

6 Then come, thou King of terrors,
And with thy weapons lay me low :

- I soon shall reach that region,
 Where everlasting pleasures flow.
 Now Christians I must leave you,
 A few more days to suffer here ;
 Through grace I soon shall meet you—
 My soul exults—I'm almost there.
- 7 But O the thoughtless company,
 That crowd the road that leads to wo ;
 For them I'm filled with sympathy,
 I soon must bid them all adieu !
 O sinners, must I leave you,
 No more to join your social band ;
 No more to stand before you,
 Till at the judgment-seat we stand.
- 8 Soon the archangel's trumpet,
 Shall shake the globe from pole to pole,
 And all the wheels of nature,
 Shall in a moment cease to roll !
 Then shall I see my Saviour,
 With shining ranks of angels come,
 To execute his vengeance,
 And take his ransom'd people home.

HYMN 73. C. M.

What is Religion?—J. RUSLING.

- 1 **R**ELIGION is the purest stream
 Of love to God, and all mankind ;
 And when its crystal fountains teem,
 The most substantial bliss we find.
- 2 Religion is humility,
 The loveliest habit of the mind ;

- 'Tis faith and hope and charity,
And gracious fruits of ev'ry kind.
- 3 Religion pours transcendent peace,
In rich profusion o'er the soul;
And all discordant passions cease,
While pure delight pervades the whole.
- 4 Religion patiently endures,
With ills immense, and grief extreme,
And sweetly by the cross allures,
To brighter worlds of bliss supreme.
- 5 Religion sheds consoling tears
O'er human wo and deep distress,
And comfort in abundance bears
To widows, and the fatherless.

HYMN 74. C. M.

The Christian's Home.—PETER COLLINS.

- 1 **W**HAT is this world with all its store,
Compared with that to come?
I'd give it with ten thousand more,
To be in heaven my home.
- 2 How blest their intercourse above,
To us while here unknown;
All harmony, and joy, and love,
In heaven the Christian's home.
- 3 Oh might I reach that blissful shore,
My fears would then be gone;

For sin and sorrow's known no more,
In heaven the Christian's home.

HYMN 75. P. M.

The Weary Pilgrim's Consolation.

1 COME, and taste along with me,
The weary pilgrim's consolation,
Boundless mercy running free,
The earnest of complete salvation.

Joy and peace in Christ I find,
My heart to him is all resign'd,
The fulness of his power I prove,
And all my soul's dissolved in love.

Jesus is the pilgrim's portion,
Love is boundless as the ocean.

2 When the world and flesh would rise,
And strive to draw me from my Saviour,
Strangers slight, or foes despise,
I then more highly prize his favour.

Friends believe me when I tell,
If Christ is present, all is well;
The world and flesh in vain would rise,
I all their efforts do despise:

In the world I've tribulation,
But in Christ sweet consolation.

3 When I'm in the house of prayer
I find him in the congregation;
Musick sweet unto my ear,
Is the sound of free salvation.

My heart exults, my spirits flow,
I love my God and brethren so ;
I join, and sing, and shout aloud,
And disregard the gazing crowd.
Glorious theme of exultation,
Jesus Christ is my salvation.

4 Worldlings hold me in disdain,
Because I slight their carnal pleasure,
All in this that gives me pain,
Is they slight a noble treasure
But among them, bless the Lord,
There's some that tremble at his word ;
And this doth joy to me impart,
To think the Lord has reach'd their heart
O the praise to God be given,
Peace on earth and crowns in heaven.

5 Why should I regard the frowns,
Of those who mock, deride, and slight me ?
Soon I'll lie beneath the ground,
Beyond the reach of those that hate me.
Toil and pain and suffering o'er,
I'll gain the blissful, happy shore ;
And with the shining hosts above,
I'll sing and shout redeeming love :
Pleasures there beyond expression.
Ever flow in sweet succession.

6 When I hear the pleasing sound,
Of weeping mourners just convert'd,
The dead's alive, the lost is found,
The Lord has heal'd the broken-hearted.

When I join to sing his praise,
My heart in holy raptures rise;
I view Immanuel's land afar,
I shout and wish my spirit there
Glory, honour, and salvation,
What I feel is past expression.

7 Mourners see your Saviour stand,
With arms extended to receive you,
See! he spreads his bleeding hands,
Come, venture on him, he'll relieve you.
Cast all your doubts and fears aside,
The door of mercy's open wide,
The fountain flows that saves from sin,
Come, now believe and enter in.
Don't distrust your blessed Saviour,
Now believe, and live for ever.

8 Sinners! you may mock and scorn,
Your moments lost will be lamented:
That awful day is hastening on,
When you will wish you had repented:
Death in its embraces cold,
Will soon your mortal bodies hold
Your pleasures then will take their flight,
And down you'll sink to endless night.
While you're of that guilty number,
Your damnation doth not slumber.

9 Come, poor sinners, go with me,
My heart's enlarged to receive you;
Slight not my mercy offer'd free,
Venture on him, he'll relieve you;

But if you offered grace refuse,
And still the way of folly choose,
Unhappy souls, your guilt and blood,
Will rest on your defenceless heads.
Darkness, torment, pain and sorrow,
May be yours before to-morrow.

HYMN 76. P. M.

- 1 **W**HEN sorrows compass me around,
And deepest distresses I see,
Astonish'd I cry, can a mortal be found,
That's surrounded by trouble like me?
- 2 Few moments of peace I enjoy,
And they are succeeded by pain;
If a moment of praising my God I enjoy,
I have hours again to complain,
- 3 O when shall my sorrows be o'er?
O when shall my sufferings cease?
O when to the bosom of Christ be convey'd,
To the mansions of glory and peace?
- 4 If souls disembodied can know,
Or visit their brother beneath;
I hope I shall join you as shouting you go,
After laying my corpse in the earth.
- 5 May no sorrows be vented that day,
When Jesus hath called me home;
But with singing and shouting let each brother say,
He has gone from the evil to come.

- 6 My spirit to glory convey'd,
My body laid low in the ground ;
I wish not a tear on my grave to be shed,
But all join in praising around.
- 7 O'erwhelm'd with the fulness of love,
I then like an angel shall sing ;
Till Christ shall descend with a shout from
above,
And make all creation to ring.
- 8 Our slumbering bodies obey,
And quicker than thought shall arise,
Removed in a moment, go shouting away
To the mansions above in the skies.

HYMN 77. S. M.

- 1 **T**O keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl,
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.
- 2 The Lord's unsparing hand,
Supplies the living stream ;
It is not at our own command,
But still derived from him.
- 3 Beware of Peter's word,
Nor confidently say,
"I never *will* deny the Lord,"
But grant I never may.
- 4 Man's wisdom is to seek,
His strength in God alone ;
And e'en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.

5 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide ;
This more exalts the King of kings
Than all your works beside.

6 In Jesus is our store,
Grace issues from his throne ;
Whoever says, "I want no more,"
Confesses he has none.

HYMN 78. C. M.

1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come with your fear and guilt oppress'd,
And make this last resolve :

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose,
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess ;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace.

4 But should the Lord reject my plea,
And disregard my prayer,
Yet still, like Esther, I will stay,
And perish only there.

5 I can but perish if I go—
I am resolved to try,
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die.

6 But should I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried;
I there should die, (delightful thought,)
Where ne'er a sinner died."

HYMN 79. C. M.

1 **A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd;
By wars without and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place.
That shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him "Thou hast died."

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame!
That guilty sinners such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

6 "Poor tempest-tossed soul be still,
My promised grace receive;"
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

HYMN 80. C. M.

- 1 **A**FFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent;
They stopp'd the prodigal's career,
And forced him to repent.
- 2 Although he no relenting felt,
Till he had spent his store,
His stubborn heart began to melt,
The famine pinch'd him sore.
- 3 "What have I gain'd by sin," he said
"But hunger, shame, and fear,
My father's house abounds with bread
While I am starving here.
- 4 I'll go and tell him all I've done,
And fall before his face,
Unworthy to be call'd his son,
I'll seek a servant's place."
- 5 His father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smiled;
And threw his arms around the neck,
Of his rebellious child.
- 6 "Father, I've sinn'd—but O forgive!"
"I've heard enough," he said,
"Rejoice my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead.
- 7 Now let the fatted calf be slain,
And spread the news around,
My son was dead, but lives again;
Was lost, but now is found."

8 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
 To call poor sinners home;
 More than a father's love he feels,
 And welcomes all that come.

HYMN 81. L. M.

1 **W**HEN on the cross, my Lord I see,
 Bleeding to death for wretched me,
 Satan and sin no more can move,
 For I am all transform'd to love.

2 His thorns and nails pierce to my heart,
 In ev'ry groan I bear a part;
 I view his wounds with streaming eyes,
 But see! he bows his head and dies!

3 Come sinners view the Lamb of God,
 Wounded and dead, and bathed in blood;
 Behold his side and venture near,
 The well of, endless life is here.

4 Here I forget my cares and pains—
 I drink, yet still my thirst remains;
 Only the fountain head above,
 Can satisfy the thirst of love.

5 Oh, that I thus could always feel
 Lord, more and more thy love reveal;
 Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim
 The grace and glory of thy name.

6 Thy name dispels my guilt and fear,
 Relieves my heart, and charms my ear;
 Affords a balm for ev'ry wound,
 And Satan trembles at the sound.

HYMN 82. P. M.

1 COME, my brethren, let us try
For a little season,
Ev'ry burden to lay by;
Come and let us reason.

What is this that casts you down?
What is this that grieves you?
Speak and let the worst be known,
Speaking may relieve you.

2 Christ at times by faith I view,
And it doth relieve me,
But my doubts return anew,
They are those that grieve me.
Troubled like the restless sea,
Feeble, faint, and fearful,
Plagued with every sore disease,
How can I be cheerful?

3 Think on what your Saviour bore,
In the gloomy garden;
Sweating blood at every pore,
To procure thy pardon.
View him nailed to the tree,
Bleeding, groaning, dying,
See, he suffer'd this for thee,
Therefore be believing.

4 Joseph took his body down,
Shrouded it in linen,
Laid it in the silent tomb,
And returned mourning.
Jesus rises from the tomb,
Angels fly from glory,

See what glory shines around,
Hallelujah, glory.

5 Brethren, don't you feel the flame?
Sisters, don't you love him?
Let us join to praise his name,
Let us never grieve him.
Soon we'll meet to part no more,
Soon we'll meet in heaven,
There we'll join the saints above,
And for ever praise him.

HYMN 83. P. M.

1 OUR souls by love together knit,
Cemented, mix'd in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun.
Our hearts have burn'd while Jesus spake
And glow'd with sacred fire;
He stoop'd and talk'd, and fed, and bless'd,
And fill'd the enlarged desire.

CHORUS.

*A Saviour, let creation sing!
A Saviour, let all heaven ring!
He's God with us, we feel him ours,
His fulness in our souls he pours;
'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,
We're joining those who're gone before,
We then shall meet to part no more.*

2 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain,

We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain.

A rill, a stream, a torrent flows!

But pour a mighty flood;

Oh! sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God.

A Saviour, &c.

3 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And sett'st thy starry crown;

When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaim'd by thee, thine own;

May we, the little band of love,

We sinners saved by grace;

From glory into glory changed,

Behold thee face to face!

A Saviour, &c.

HYMN 84. L. M.

The Kingdom of God.—H. M'C.

1 **T**HERE grows on earth a lovely tree,
With never-fading verdure crown'd;
Millions beneath its canopy,

From sin's dread storm have shelter found.

2 This tree, though once so small a seed,

Sown by God's wise, unerring hand,

To heaven now rears its lofty head,

And spreads o'er all our happy land.

3 It blooms and bears throughout the year,

Close by its roots life's current flows:

Its leaves applied by faith and prayer,

Will cure the worst of human woes.

- 4 Its growth is wonderful indeed,
Far distant lands its blessings feel;
And nations flock beneath its shade,
Their various maladies to heal.
- 5 That glorious day is rolling on,
When this great tree the earth shall fill,
When Satan's kingdom must come down,
And love in copious showers distil.
- 6 Ride on, thou great Immanuel ride,
Till hell's black prince shall be subdued,
Till all beneath thy cross abide,
And feel the virtue of thy blood.

HYMN 85. P. M.

- 1 **W**HEN my Saviour, my shepherd is
near,
How quickly my sorrows depart;
New beauties around me appear,
New spirits enliven my heart:
His presence gives peace to my soul,
And Satan assaults me in vain;
While my shepherd his power controls,
I think I no more shall complain.
- 2 But, alas! what a change do I find,
When my shepherd withdraws from my
sight,
My fears all return to my mind,
My day is soon changed into night:
Then Satan his efforts renews,
To vex and ensnare me again,

All my pleasing enjoyments I lose,
And can only lament and complain.

3 By these changes I often pass through,
I am taught my own weakness to know,
I am taught what my Shepherd can do,
And how much to his mercy I owe
It is he that supports me through all,
When I faint he revives me again ;
He attends to my prayer when I call,
And bids me no longer complain.

4 Wherefore then should I murmur and
grieve,
Since my Shepherd is always the same,
And has promised he never will leave
The soul that confides in his name ?
To relieve me from all that I fear,
He was buffeted, tempted, and slain ;
And at length he will surely appear,
Though he leaves me awhile to complain.

5 While I dwell in an enemy's land,
Can I hope to be always in peace ?
'Tis enough that my Shepherd's at hand,
And that shortly this warfare will cease,
For ere long he will bid me remove
From this region of sorrow and pain ;
To abide in his presence above,
And then I shall no more complain.

HYMN 86. C. M.

1 **M**Y soul, this curious house of clay,
This present frail abode,

- Must quickly fall to worms a prey,
And thou return to God.
- 2 Canst thou by faith, survey with joy,
The change before it come?
And say, "Let death this house destroy,
I have a heav'nly home."
- 3 The Saviour whom I then shall see,
With new admiring eyes,
Already has prepared for me,
A mansion in the skies.
- 4 I feel this mud-wall'd cottage shake,
And long to see it fall,
That I my willing flight may take,
To him who is my all.
- 5 Burden'd and groaning then no more
My rescued soul shall sing,
As up the shining path I soar
"O Death thou'st lost thy sting."
- 6 Dear Saviour, help us now to seek,
And know thy grace's power,
That we may all this language speak,
Before the dying hour.

HYMN 87. P. M.

The Preacher's Adieu.

- 1 **A** DIEU, my dear brethren, adieu,
Reluctant I give you my hand,
No more to assemble with you,
Till we on Mount Zion shall stand.

My heart swells with tender regret,
To leave your embraces so soon,
Though heaven my course must direct,
And others succeed in my room.

2 Your acts of benevolence past,
Your gentle compassionate love,
Henceforth in my mem'ry shall last,
Though far from your sight I remove.
While roving the wilds of the West,
When through foreign regions I steer,
Still friendship inspiring my breast,
Shall then drop her own native tear.

3 Our labours will shortly subside,
For vigour and life must decay,
But wisdom and truth shall abide,
To pilot our souls on the way,
As time rolls his seasons around,
And truth shall new teachers inspire,
O may we in love still abound,
And after new conquests aspire.

4 Our seasons of converse are o'er,
Till mortal commotions are past,
Till nature and time are no more,
Or we are in Paradise bless'd.
Sweet comforting spirit draw near,
And shed forth thy luminous rays,
My parting reflections to cheer,
And change lamentation to praise.

5 O may we conform to HIS will,
Aspiring for glory and peace,

Our covenant vows to fulfil,
Till Jesus shall sign our release.
Till suddenly wafted above,
Where saints in sweet harmony meet,
To feel all the pleasures of love,
And each happy conqueror greet.

HYMN 88. C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, humble souls, ye mourners come,
And wipe away your tears;
Adieu to all your sad complaints,
Your sorrows and your fears.
- 2 Come, shout aloud the Father's grace,
And sing the Saviour's love;
Soon shall you join the glorious theme,
In loftier strains above.
- 3 God, th' eternal mighty God,
To dearer names descends;
Calls you his treasure and his joy,
His children and his friends.
- 4 My Father God! and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear!
Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony
Delight my list'ning ear.
- 5 Thanks to my God for ev'ry gift,
His bounteous hands bestow,
And thanks eternal for that love,
Whence all those blessings flow.
- 6 For ever let my grateful heart,
His boundless love adore.

Which gives ten thousand blessings now
And bids me hope for more.

7 Transporting hope! still on my soul,
Let thy sweet glories shine,
Till thou thyself art lost in joys,
Immortal and divine.

HYMN 89. P. M.

1 **W**HITHER goest thou, pilgrim stran-
ger,
Wandering through this lonely vale?
Knowest thou not 'tis full of danger,
And will not thy courage fail?

CHORUS.

*No, I'm bound for the kingdom,
Will you go to glory with me?
O hallelujah, O hallelujah,
I'm bound for the kingdom,
Will you go to glory with me?
O hallelujah, O hallelujah.*

2 Pilgrim, thou hast justly call'd me,
Passing through a waste so wide,
But no harm will e'er befall me,
When I'm blest with such a guide.
For I'm bound, &c.

3 Such a guide: no guide attends thee,
Hence for thee my fears arise;
If some guardian power befriend thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes,
O I'm bound, &c.

- 4 Yes, unseen, but still believe me,
Such a guide my steps attend;
He'll in every strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end.

For I'm bound, &c.

- 5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly winding through the vale;
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?

No, I'm bound, &c.

- 6 No, that stream has nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I'll bend,
Thence to plunge 'twill be delightful,
There my pilgrimage will end.

For I'm bound, &c.

- 7 While I gazed with speed surprising,
Down the stream she plunged from sight,
Gazing still I saw her rising,
Like an angel clothed with light.

O, I'm bound, &c.

- 8 Cease, my heart, this mournful crying,
Death will burst this sullen gloom;
Soon my spirit, fluttering, flying,
Will be borne beyond the tomb.

For I'm bound, &c.

HYMN 90. P. M.

- 1 **W**HEN I set out for glory,
I left the world behind

Determined for a city,
That's out of sight to find.

CHORUS.

And to glory I will go—

And to glory I will go—I'll go, I'll go,

And to glory I will go.

2 I left my worldly honour,
I left my worldly fame—

I left my young companions—

And with them my good name.

And to glory I will go, &c.

3 Some said I'd better tarry—

They thought I was too young,

For to prepare for dying;

But that was all my theme.

And to glory I will go, &c.

4 Come all my loving brethren,

And listen to my cry;

All you that are backsliders

Must shortly beg or die. —

And to begging I will go,

And to begging I will go—will go, will go,

And to begging I will go.

5 The Lord he loves the beggar,

Who truly begs indeed,

He always will relieve him,

Whene'er he stands in need.

And to begging I will go, &c.

6 I do not beg for riches,

Nor to be dressed fine:

The garment that he'll give me,
'The sun it will outshine.

And to begging I will go, &c.

7 I'm not ashamed to beg,
While here on earth I stay;
I'm not ashamed to watch,
And not ashamed to pray.

And to begging I will go, &c.

8 The richest man I ever saw,
Was one that begg'd the most;
His soul was filled with Jesus,
And with the Holy Ghost.

And to begging I will go, &c.

9 And now we are encouraged,
Come let us travel on;
Until we join the angels,
And sing the holy song.

And to glory I will go, &c.

HYMN 91. S. M.

1 **Y**E fearful saints march on,
It is the Lord's command;
Never let trifles stop your way,
To Canaan's promised land.

2 Though numerous foes arise,
And hell your course withstand;
Still force your passage through them all,
To Canaan's promised land.

3 Keep on a forward pace,
And never, never stand,

Till you behold your Saviour's face,
In Canaan's promised land.

4 Cast not a wishful eye,
Towards your native land,
Like Lot's frail wife, but onward fly
In Canaan you'll soon stand.

5 Mind not th' alluring wiles,
Prepared by Satan's band,
To draw you from the narrow path
Which leads to Canaan's land.

6 The Scriptures are your rule,
By it you fall or stand ;
Walk in the way which it points out,
To Canaan's promised land.

7 Then shall you join above,
With all the ransom'd band ;
To celebrate redeeming love,
In Canaan's promised land.

HYMN 92. P. M.

Class-meeting Hymn.

1 **D**EAR friends, for a week we must part,
Another sweet class-meeting's gone,
While absent united in heart—
Our interests are blended in one.
Each other's afflictions we share,
And bear them all up to the throne,
Agreed in the spirit of prayer,
To meet every day about noon.

2 O Jesus, our centre and source !

Let brotherly love keep us one,
To urge with unanimous force,
The ark of the covenant on.
May each of us actually strive,
To gather poor sinners to God,
And labour thy work to revive,
By spreading religion abroad.

3 Our leader, O Lord, do thou lead,

That he may lead us unto thee,
To us make him useful indeed,
And light in thy light may he see.
O may he not shun to declare,
The cause and effects of thy curse,
The counsel of God without fear,
That all may quit sin or quit us.

HYMN 93. P. M.

Judgment Day.

1 **T**HE seventh trumpet we'll soon hear,
A great white throne will soon appear,
Ten thousand angels round :
An angel turns the moon to blood,
Blows out the sun, consumes the flood,
And burns the solid ground.

2 Arise ye nations and come forth,
From east and west, from south and north,
Behold your judge is come :
What horror fills the guilty breast,
Compell'd to stand the solemn test,
And hear his final doom.

3 Depart, ye cursed, down to hell,
 With fiery fiends for ever dwell,
 No more to see my face;
 My blessed gospel you withstood,
 You set at naught my precious blood,
 You slighted my free grace.

4 See parents and their children part,
 Some shout for joy, some bleed in heart,
 Never to meet again
 The wicked sink with doleful cries,
 In hell to lift their baleful eyes,
 And feel eternal pains.

5 In fiery chariots Zion flies,
 And quickly gains the upper skies,
 On Salem's happy shore;
 Come in ye bless'd, will Jesus say,
 You've fought the battle, won the day,
 Come rest for evermore.

6 My soul is longing to be there,
 O could I rise and wing the air,
 And trace the heavenly road:
 Adieu, adieu, all earthly things,
 Oh! that I had an angel's wings,
 I'd quickly see my God.

HYMN 94. P. M.

The Exile of Eden.

1 **M**AN at his first creation, in Eden God
 did place,
 The publick head and father of all the human
 race;

'Twas by the subtle serpent he was beguiled
and fell,
And by his disobedience was doom'd to death
and hell.

2 Death was pronounced against him, death
was the penalty,
The law of God was broken, and must fulfilled be;
But man, the helpless creature, unable to
perform,
The smallest jot or tittle to build his hopes
upon.

3 While in this situation, behold the promise
made,
The offspring of the woman shall bruise the
serpent's head,
And destroy the pow'rs of darkness, that
man should only feel,
The malice of the serpent a raging at his
heel.

4 The Scripture it was given in spirit and in
truth,
In darksome types and shadows, the Saviour
was set forth,
Its sacrifice and offerings he on the altar
slain,
No blood of goats and heifers can take away
the stain.

5 Lo ! at the time appointed, Jesus unveil'd
his face,

Assumed our human nature, and suffer'd in
our place;
He suffer'd on Mount Calvary, yes, there he
ransom'd me,
The law demands attention, to pay the
penalty.

6 With rugged thorns they pierced and
nail'd him to the tree,
All nature seem'd to mourn to behold the
cruelty;
But justice cried against him, come pay the
sinner's due,
The debt you've undertaken, you therefore
must go through.

7 They placed him in a sepulchre, it being
near at hand,
The grave it could not hold him, nor death's
cold iron band;
He burst the bars asunder, he pull'd their
kingdom down,
He overcame our enemies, and wears a starry
crown.

8 Now at his resurrection, to Mary he ap-
pear'd,
Go tell to my disciples what you have seen
and heard;
Go tell them I am risen, and death can do
no more,
I'm going to my Father to dwell for ever-
more.

9 He came to his disciples, and found them
all alone,
And gave them their commission to make
his gospel known ;
Go preach it to all nations, baptize them in
my name,
Beginning at Jerusalem, 'twas there I suf-
fer'd shame.

10 Go preach it to all nations, that they
may hear and know,
Go publish free salvation, that men to heaven
may go ;
In every sore temptation, you succour I will
send,
And lo ! I will be with you until the world
shall end.

HYMN 95. C. M.

1 SWEET rivers of redeeming love,
Lie just before mine eyes ;
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd to those rivers fly :
I'd rise superior to my pain,
With joy outstrip the wind ,
I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main,
And leave the world behind.

2 While I'm imprison'd here below,
In anguish, pain, and smart,
Oft times those troubles I forego,
When love surrounds my heart :

In darkest shadows of the night,
Faith mounts the upper sky;
I then behold my heart's delight,
And would rejoice to die!

3 I view the monster death and smile,
Now he has lost his sting;
Though Satan rages all the while,
I still in triumph sing:
I hold my Saviour in my arms,
And will not let him go;
I'm so delighted with his charms,
No other good I'll know

4 A few more days, or years at most,
My troubles will be o'er,
I hope to join the heav'nly host,
On Canaan's happy shore.
My rapt'rous soul shall drink and feast,
In love's unbounded sea;
The glorious hope of endless rest,
Is transporting to me.

5 O come, my Saviour, come away,
And bear me through the sky,
Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay,
Make haste and bring it nigh:
I long to see thy glorious face,
And in thine image shine;
To triumph in victorious grace,
And be for ever thine.

6 Then will I tune my harp of gold,
To my eternal King;

Through ages that can ne'er be told,
I'll make his praises ring :
All hail ! thou great eternal God !
Who died on Calvary !
And save me with thy precious blood,
From endless misery.

7 Ten thousand, thousand, join in one,
To praise the eternal Three ;
Prostrate before the blazing throne,
In deep humility.
They rise and tune their harps of gold,
And string the immortal lyre ;
And ages that can ne'er be told,
Shall raise their praises higher.

HYMN 96. P. M.

1 **T**HERE is a holy city,
A happy world above,
Beyond the starry regions,
Built by the God of love :
An everlasting temple,
And saints array'd in white,
They serve their great Redeemer,
They dwell with him in light.

2 This is no world of trouble,
The God of peace is there,
He wipes away their sorrows,
He banishes their care :
Their joys are still increasing,
Their sons are ever new,

They praise the eternal Father,
The Son and Spirit too.

3 The meanest child in glory,
Outshines the radiant sun ;
But who can speak the splendour,
Of that eternal throne ;
Where Jesus sits exalted,
In godlike majesty ;
The elders fall before him,
The angels bend the knee.

4 Is this the man of sorrows,
Who stood at Pilate's bar,
Condemn'd by haughty Herod,
And by his men of war ?
He seems a mighty conqueror,
Who spoil'd the powers below,
And ransom'd many captives,
From everlasting wo.

5 The hosts of saints around him,
Proclaim his works of grace ;
The patriarchs and prophets,
And all the worldly race ;
Who speak of fiery trials,
And tortures on their way ;
They came from tribulation,
To everlasting day.

6 Now with a holy transport,
They tell their suff'rings o'er,
Their fears and their temptations,
And all the pains they bore :

They turn and bow to Jesus,
Who gain'd their liberty ;
Amid our fiercest dangers,
Our lives are hid in thee.

7 Long time I was invited
To gain that heav'nly rest ;
Grace made no hard condition,
'Twas only to be bless'd ;
But earth's bewitching pleasures,
Inclined me long to stay ;
I sought her dreams and shadows,
And joys that pass away.

8 But now it is my purpose,
The better way to find ;
To serve my great Creator,
And leave my sins behind :
In guilt's seducing mazes,
I will no longer roam ;
I'll give my soul to Jesus,
Who brings the ransom'd home.

9 And what shall be my journey,
How long I'll stay below,
Or what shall be my trials,
Are not for me to know.
In every day of trouble,
I'll raise my thoughts on high ;
I'll think of the bright temple,
And crowns above the sky.

HYMN 97. P. M.

1 O HEARKEN, sinners, we have cause
To warn you of your danger,

We pray be reconciled to him,
Who once lay in a manger.

CHORUS.

*Ho! every one that thirsts,
Come ye to the waters,
Freely drink and quench your thirst,
With Zion's sons and daughters.*

2 The awful God who made your soul,
And all the world around you,
Doth charge you with ten thousand crimes,
But hateth to confound you.

Ho! every one, &c.

3 Come all ye humble, weeping souls,
Who long to be forgiven,
We bring glad tidings unto you,
From the good Lord of heaven.

Ho! every one, &c.

4 There is a fountain deep and wide,
For sin and all uncleanness,
Come, drink, and wash, and be made white,
And prove the gospel fulness.

Ho! every one, &c.

5 Shall unbelief debar you from
The knowledge of your Saviour?
Believe and you'll be justified,
Believe and live for ever.

Ho! every one, &c.

6 I'm not surprised that saints do sing,
Or angels shout and wonder,

I would sing glory if I could,
As loud as mighty thunder.

Ho ! every one, &c.

7 Poor sinners often laugh and scoff,
Because I sing hosanna.
But they don't know what this doth mean,
My soul is eating manna.

Ho ! every one, &c.

8 My old companions think I'm lost,
Because I sing hosanna,
But they would sing as loud as me,
If they had tasted manna.

Ho ! every one, &c.

9 The cold professors do detest,
Such loud noise and hosannas;
And so did we before we sought,
And found this holy manna.

Ho ! every one, &c.

10 When on my dying bed I lay,
My soul shall sing hosanna,
With happy saints that shout around ;
We'll have a feast of manna.

Ho ! every one, &c.

11 A glorious throng have gone before,
Who sing and shout hosanna,
They stand around the tree of life,
And always gather manna.

Ho ! every one, &c.

12 Come on ye followers of the Lamb,
Love God and sing hosanna,

We soon shall join that holy throng,
And always live on manna.

Ho ! every one, &c.

HYMN 98. P. M.

1 **S**AW ye my Saviour,
Saw ye my Saviour,
Saw ye my Saviour and my God ?
O he died on Calvary,
To atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood.

2 He was extended,
He was extended,
Shamefully nail'd to the cross ;
O he bow'd his head and died !
Thus my Lord was crucified,
To atone for the world that was lost.

3 Jesus hung bleeding,
Jesus hung bleeding,
Three dreadful hours in pain :
O the sun refused to shine !
When his majesty divine,
Was derided, insulted, and slain.

4 Darkness prevailed,
Darkness prevailed,
Darkness prevail'd o'er the land :
And the solid rocks were rent,
Through creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the God-man.

5 It is finished,
It is finished.

And the atonement was made :

He was taken by the great,
And embalmed in spices sweet,
And in a new sepulchre laid.

6 Hail ! mighty Saviour,
Hail ! mighty Saviour,
The prince and author of peace ;
O he burst the bands of death !
And triumphant from the earth,
He ascended the mansions of bliss.

7 He's now interceding,
He's now interceding,
Pleading that sinners may live ;
Crying, Father, I have died,
O behold my hands, my side !
To redeem them : I pray thee forgive.

8 I will forgive them,
I will forgive them,
If they'll but repent and believe :
O let them turn to thee
And be reconciled to me,
And salvation they all shall receive.

HYMN 99. P. M.

Time is Fleeting Moments.

1 **M**Y days, my weeks, my months, my
years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres,
Around the steady pole ;
Time like the tide its motion keeps,
And I must launch through endless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen,
How swift the moments pass between,
And whisper as they fly;
"Unthinking man, remember this,
Though fond of sublunary bliss,
That you must groan and die."

3 My soul, attend the solemn call,
Thine earthly tent must shortly fall,
And thou must take thy flight;
Beyond the vast expansive blue,
To sing above as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

4 How great the bliss, how great the wo,
Hangs on this inch of time below,
On this precarious breath:
The Lord of nature only knows,
Whether another year shall close,
Ere I expire in death.

5 Long ere the sun shall run his round,
I may be buried under ground,
And there in silence rot;
Alas! an hour may close the scene,
And ere twelve months shall roll between,
My name be quite forgot.

6 But will my soul be thus extinct,
And cease to live, and cease to think?
It cannot, cannot be;
No, my immortal cannot die,
What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
When death shall set thee free?

7 Will mercy then her arms extend,
Will Jesus be thy guardian friend,
And heaven thy dwelling place ?
Or shall insulting fiends appear,
And drag thee down to dark despair
Below the reach of grace ?

8 A heaven or hell, and these alone,
Beyond the present life are known,
There is no middle space ;
To-day attend the call divine,
To-morrow may be none of thine,
Or it may be too late.

9 O do not pass this as a dream,
Vast is the change, whate'er it seem,
To poor unthinking man ;
Lord, at thy footstool I would bow,
Bid conscience plainly tell me now,
What it would tell me then.

10 If in destruction's road I stray,
Help me to choose the better way,
That leads to joys on high :
Thy grace impart, my guilt forgive,
Nor let me ever dare to live,
Such as I dare not die.

HYMN 100. P. M.

On Death.

1 **H**OW dreadful is the thought of death,
That soon will rob us of our breath,
Though careless some remain ;
In glory Christ you'll never see,

Remember, sinner, this from me,
You'll feel eternal pain.

2 Soon will your day of grace be o'er
Its loss for ever you'll deplore,
Come, now it's in thy power;
O, fly to the Redeemer's breast,
On which you may securely rest,
In death's uncertain hour.

3 When death our bodies shall assail,
Our stronger passions then will fail,
It sinks us to the grave;
Riches shall then be no defence,
Nor all the powers of eloquence,
Jesus alone can save.

4 No more let us in sin delight,
But all our days against it fight,
And when we come to die,
In Christ a lively faith we'll have,
Which reaches far beyond the grave,
And bids us death defy.

5 The righteous soon will meet above,
And prove the Saviour's boundless love,
O may we with them join,
In concert with the heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
In ecstasies divine.

HYMN 101. C. M.

1 **H**ARK! from the cross a gracious voice
Salutes my ravish'd ears—

Rejoice, thou ransom'd soul, rejoice,
And dry those falling tears.

2 Amazed, I turn, grown strangely bold,
This wondrous thing to see;
And there my dying Lord behold,
Stretch'd on the bloody tree.

3 "Sinner," he cries, "Behold the head,
This thorny wreath entwines;
Look on these wounded hands and read
Thy name in crimson lines.

4 These wounds I bear, these pains I feel,
This anguish rends my breast,
That I may save thy soul from hell,
And give thee endless rest."

5 Thy power, the sweetness of that voice,
My stony heart can move;
Make me in Christ my Lord rejoice,
And melt my soul to love.

6 No more my harp neglected lies,
With silent broken string;
From earth my soul has learn'd to rise,
And mount on eagles' wings.

7 My dying Saviour's wondrous love,
On earth employs my tongue;
And when I walk in white above,
That love shall be my song.

HYMN 102. P. M.

1 **A**MONG the Jewish nation one Daniel
there was found.

Whose unexampled piety astonish'd all
around ;

They saw him very pious and faithful to the
Lord,

Three times a day he bow'd to supplicate his
God.

2 Among the king's high princes this Daniel
was the first,

The king preferr'd the spirit this Daniel did
possess ;

His unexampled piety sustain'd their jealousy,
The princes sought his ruin,—obtain'd a firm
decree.

3 Should any man or woman, a supplication
bring,

For thirty days ensuing, save unto thee, O king:

To any lord or master, or any other man,
They should without distinction, fall in the
lions' den.

4 But now when Daniel heard it, straight to
his house he went,

To beg his God's protection—'twas all his
whole intent ;

His windows being open, before his God he
bow'd,

The princes were assembled, they saw him
worship God.

5 They came to king Darius, and spake of
his decree,

Saying, that Hebrew Daniel doth nothing
care for thee :

Before his God he boweth three times in
every day,
With all his windows open, and we have
heard him pray.

6 Now when Darius heard it, his soul did
sore lament,
He set his heart on Daniel, the sentence to
prevent ;
The princes then assembled, and to the king
they said,
Remember your great honour, likewise the
laws you made.

7 Darius then commanded that Daniel should
be brought,
And cast into the lions' den, because the
Lord he sought ;
The king then said to Daniel, that God
whom you adore,
Will save you from the lions, and bless you
evermore.

8 The king went to his palace and fasted all
the night,
He neither ate nor drank, nor in musick took
delight ;
So early the next morning, he stole along
the way,
And came unto the lion's den, where the
bold Hebrew lay.

9 Then with a voice of mourning to Daniel
cried aloud,

Saying, O Daniel, Daniel, thou servant of
the Lord;
Is not thy God sufficient for to deliver thee?
That God in whom thou trustest and serv'st
continually.

10 My God hath sent his angel, and shut the
lions' jaws,
So that they have not hurt me, my enemies
they saw;
Then straight the king commanded to take
him out the den,
Because in God he trusted, no harm was
found in him.

11 See how the faithful Daniel fear'd not the
face of clay,
'Twas not the king's commandment that
made him cease to pray;
He knew that God was with him, to save his
soul from death,
He trusted in Jehovah, and pray'd with ev'ry
breath.

SECOND PART.

1 Darius then commanded those wretches to
be brought,
Who had with so much boldness, the life of
Daniel sought;
On women, men, and children, the sentence
being pass'd,
Among the hungry lions, those sinners then
were cast.

2 The lions rush'd with vengeance upon
those wicked men,
And tore them all to pieces ere they to the
bottom came ;

Thus God will save his children, who put
their trust in him,
And punish their offenders with agonies ex-
treme.

3 'Twas then a proclamation, Darius issued
forth,
Commanding all the people that dwelt upon
the earth,

To fear the God of Daniel, for he's the living
God,
Whose kingdom is for ever, and shall not be
destroy'd.

4 He maketh signs and wonders in heaven
and on earth,

Who hath delivered Daniel, and shut the
lion's mouth ;

Who saved the Hebrew children, when cast
into the flame,

Who is the God of heaven, and spreads his
wide domain.

5 This Daniel's God is gracious to all his
children dear,

He gives them consolation, and tells them
not to fear ;

He's promised to support them, and bring
them safe to dwell,

Eternally in heaven, but dooms their foes to
hell.

6 Hark ! sinners, hear the gospel, it says to
you repent,
Come try a bleeding Saviour, for you his
blood was spilt ;
He died to purchase pardon, that we might
by his power,
Escape the roaring lions, that seek us to de-
vour.

7 O will you be persuaded by one who loves
your soul,
To turn and seek salvation with Christ in
heaven to dwell :
Come serve the God of Daniel, 'tis Jesus bids
you come,
You'll find a hearty welcome in Christ the
bleeding Lamb.

8 Glory to God, O glory, for his redeeming
love,
Religion makes us happy here, and will in
worlds above ;
We'll sing bright hallelujahs, and join the
holy song,
With Moses, Job, and Daniel, and all the
heav'nly throng.

HYMN 103. P. M.

The Supper.

1 **A** FOUNTAIN in Jesus which runs
always free,
For washing and cleansing such sinners as
we ;

Our sins, though like crimson, made white as
the wool,
No lack in this fountain, but always is full.

2 All things are now ready, he invites us to
come,
The supper is made by the Father and Son,
Rich bounties, rich dainties, here we may re-
ceive,
A living for ever if we will believe.

3 The guests which were bidden refused the
call,
For they were not ready, nor willing at all,
To be stripp'd of their honour, and part with
their store,
For a feast that was given and made for the
poor.

4 If they are not ready, and wish to delay,
My house shall be fill'd, the Father doth say;
The highways and hedges, the halt and the
blind,
Shall come and be welcome—the supper is
mine.

5 He decks us with jewels, and rings of rich
kind,
A garment not woven, but richly refined;
Redeemed by Jesus, made heirs with the
king,
A plan of the Father in glory to sing.

HYMN 104. C. M.

The Everlasting Song.

- 1 **E**ARTH has engross'd my love too long,
'Tis time I lift mine eyes,
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.
- 2 There the bless'd man, my Saviour sits,
That Sun, how bright he shines !
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.
- 3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around,
And move and charm the starry plains,
With an immortal sound.
- 4 Jesus the Lord their harps employs,
Jesus, my love, they sing :
Jesus, the life of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from ev'ry string.
- 5 Hark ! how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space they run,
And echo in majestick sounds
The Godhead and the Son.
- 6 And now they sing the lofty tune,
And gentler notes they play ;
And bring the Father's equal down,
To dwell in humble clay.
- 7 O sacred beauties of the Man !
(The God resides within ;)

His flesh all pure without a stain,
His soul without a sin.

8 But when to Calvary they turn,
Silent their harps abide ;
Suspended songs, a moment mourn,
The Lord that loved and died.

9 Then all at once to living strains,
They summon ev'ry chord ;
Tell how he triumph'd o'er his pains,
And chant the rising Lord.

10 Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel too ;

My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

11 I would begin my musick here,
And so my soul should rise ;

O ! for some heavenly notes to bear
My passions to the skies.

12 There ye that love my Saviour sit,
There I would fain have place ;

Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

HYMN 105. L. M.

"These things I command you, that ye love one another."—John xv. 17.

1 **A**M I indeed born from above ?
Do I partake of Jesus' love ?
Then let me all my duty know,
And love by my obedience show.

2 Fain would I love his person more,
And God in all his works adore;
O may his love my heart inflame,
With love to all that love his name.

3 Wherever I his image see,
O let those souls be dear to me!
Dear as the purchase of his blood,
Dear as the favourites of God.

4 Jesus to us his love doth show,
And bids us love and follow too!
But, O! how little love sincere,
Is found in great professors here.

5 What anger, pride, and malice swell
Those breasts where love alone should dwell!
O why should Satan thus devour,
Religion's glory and its power?

6 Come, heavenly Spirit from above,
And fill our inmost hearts with love;
That we may say to all mankind,
"See how those love whom Christ hath
join'd."

HYMN 106. P. M.

The Sacrifice.

1 **T**HE morning sun rose bright and clear,
On Abraham's tent it gayly shone,
And all was bright and cheerful there,
All save the Patriarch's heart alone.

While God's command arose to mind,
It forced into his eye a tear;
Although his soul was all resign'd,
Yet nature fondly linger'd there.

2 The simple morning feast was spread,
And Sarah at the banquet smiled,
Joy o'er her face its lustre spread,
For near her sat her only child
The charms that pleased a monarch's eye
Upon her cheek had left their trace;
His highly augur'd destiny,
Was written on his heavenly face.

3 The groaning father turn'd away,
And walk'd the inner tent apart,
He felt his fortitude decay,
While nature whisper'd in his heart:
O! must this son, to whom was given,
The promise of a blessed land,
Heir to the choicest gifts of Heaven,
Be slain by a fond father's hand?

4 This son, for whom my eldest born,
Was sent an outcast from his home!
And in some wilderness forlorn,
A savage exile doom'd to roam!
But shall a feeble worm rebel,
And murmur at a father's rod?
Shall he be backward to fulfil,
The known and certain will of God?

5 Arise, my son, the cruet fill,
And store the srip with due supplies,

For we must seek Moriah's hill,
And offer there a sacrifice.
The mother raised a speaking eye,
And all a mother's soul was there,
She fear'd the desert drear and dry.
She fear'd the savage lurking there.

6 Abrah'm beheld and made reply,
On him from whom our blessings flow,
My sister, we by faith rely:
'Tis God's command, and we must go.
The duteous son in haste obey'd,
'The scrip was fill'd, the mules prepared,
And with the third day's twilight shade,
Moriah's lofty hill appear'd.

7 The menials they at distance wait,
Alone ascend the son and sire,
The wood on Isaac's shoulder laid,
The wood to build his funeral pyre.
No passions sway'd the father's mind,
He felt a calm, a death-like chill,
His soul was chaste and all resign'd,
Bow'd meekly, though he shudder'd still.

8 While on the mountain's brow they stood,
With smiling wonder Isaac cries,
My father, lo! the fire and wood,
But where's the lamb for sacrifice?
The Holy Spirit stay'd his mind,
While Abraham answered low and calm,
With steady voice and look resign'd,
God will himself provide the lamb.

9 But lo ! the father bound his son,
And laid him on the funeral pile,
And then stretch'd forth his trembling hand,
And took the knife to slay his child.
While Abrah'm raised the blade full high,
To execute his God's command,
An angel's voice as from the sky,
Cried, Abraham, spare thine only son !

10 But let no pen profane like mine,
On holiest themes too rashly dare,
Turn to the Book of books divine,
And read the precious promise there.
Ages on ages roll'd away,
At length the hour appointed came,
When on the mountain Calvary,
God did himself provide the Lamb.

HYMN 107. P. M.

1 **W**HEN Joseph his brethren beheld,
Afflicted and trembling with fear,
His heart with compassion was fill'd,
For weeping he could not forbear.
Awhile his behaviour was rough,
To bring their past sins to their mind,
But when they were humbled enough,
He hasted to show himself kind.

2 How little they thought it was he
Whom they had ill-treated and sold !
How great their confusion must be,
As soon as his name he had told !

"I'm Joseph, your brother," he said,
"And still to my heart you are dear;
You sold me, and thought I was dead,
But God, for your sakes, sent me here."

3 Though greatly distressed before,
When charged with purloining the cup,
They now were confounded much more,
Not one of them durst to look up.
"Can Joseph whom we would have slain,
Forgive us the evil we did?
And will he our households maintain?
O, this is a brother indeed!"

4 Thus dragg'd by my conscience, I came,
And laden with guilt to the Lord,
Surrounded with terroure and shame,
Unable to utter a word.
At first he look'd stern and severe;
What anguish then pierced my heart,
Expecting each moment to hear
The sentence, "Thou cursed depart!"

5 But oh! what surprise when he spoke,
While tenderness beam'd in his face;
My heart then to pieces was broke,
O'erwhelm'd and confounded by grace:
"Poor sinner, I know thee full well,
By thee I was sold and was slain;
But I died to redeem thee from hell,
And raise thee in glory to reign."

6 I'm Jesus, whom thou hast blasphemed,
And crucified often afresh;

But let me henceforth be esteem'd,
Thy brother, thy bone, and thy flesh;
My pardon I freely bestow
Thy wants I will fully supply;
I'll guide thee and guard thee below,
And soon will remove thee on high.

7 Go, publish to sinners around,
That they may be willing to come,
The mercy which now you have found,
And tell them that yet there is room."
Oh, sinners, the message obey!
No more vain excuses pretend
But come, without further delay,
To Jesus, our brother and friend.

HYMN 108. P. M.

Shepherds in Jewry.

1 **W**HILE shepherds in Jewry were
guarding their sheep,
Promiscuously seated, estranged from sleep,
An angel from heaven presented to view,
And thus he accosted the trembling few
Dispel all your sorrows, and banish your
fears,
For Jesus your Saviour in Jewry appears.

2 Though Adam the first in rebellion was
found,
Forbidden to tarry on hallow'd ground;
Yet Adam the second appears to retrieve,
The loss he sustain'd by the devil and Eve.

Then shepherds be tranquil, this instant arise,
Go visit your Saviour, and see where he
lies.

3 A token I leave you, whereby you may
find,
This wonderful stranger, this friend to man-
kind :
A manger his cradle, the stall his abode,
The oxen are near him, beholding your
God.
Then shepherds be humble, be meek, and lie
low,
For Jesus your Saviour's abundantly so.

4 This wonderful story no sooner was heard,
Than thousands of angels from glory ap-
pear'd ;
They join'd in a concert, and this was their
theme,
All glory to God, and good will towards
men,
Then shepherds strike in, join your voice to
the choir,
And catch a few sparks of celestial fire.

5 Hosanna ! the angels in ecstasy cried,
Hosanna, the wondering shepherds replied :
Salvation, redemption, all centred in one,
All glory to God for the birth of his Son.
Then shepherds, adieu, we commend you to
God,
Go visit the Son in his humble abode.

6 To Bethlehem city the shepherds re-
pair'd,
For full confirmation of what they had
heard ;
They enter'd the stable with aspect most
mild,
And there they beheld both the mother and
child.
Then make proclamation, divulge it abroad,
That both Jews and Gentiles may hear from
their God.

7 Ye preachers, be faithful, your duty dis-
charge,
Be fervent and zealous, your promise is
large :
Fear not to declare the whole council of
God,
Like comets you'll blaze while you travel the
road :
Go make proclamation, declare it abroad,
Tell the gentle and simple to come to the
Lord.

HYMN 109. P. M.

Drooping Souls.

1 **D**ROOPING saints no longer grieve
Heaven is propitious,
If on Christ you do believe,
You will find him precious.

Jesus now is passing by,
Calls the mourners to him ;
He has died for you and I,
Now look up and view him.

2 From his hands, his feet, his side
Runs a healing fountain ;
See the consolation tide,
Boundless as the ocean.
See the living waters move,
For the sick and dying ;
Now resolve to gain his love,
Or to perish trying.

3 Grace's store is always free,
Drooping souls to gladden ;
Jesus calls, "Come unto me,"
Weary heavy laden.
Though your sins, like mountains rise,
Rise and reach to heaven,
Soon as you on him rely,
"All shall be forgiven."

4 Now methinks I hear one say,
I will go and prove him ;
If he take my sins away,
Surely I shall love him.
Yes, I see the Father smile,
Smiling moves my burden ;
All is grace, for I am vile,
Yet he seals my pardon.

5 Streaming mercy, how it flows,
Now I know I feel it ;
Half has never yet been told,
Yet I want to tell it.
Jesus' blood has heal'd my wounds,
Oh the wondrous story ;
I was lost, but now am found,
Glory ! Glory ! Glory !

6 Glory to my Saviour's name,
Saints are bound to love him,
Mourners you may do the same,
Only come and prove him.
Hasten to the Saviour's blood,
Feel it and declare it ;
O that I could sing so loud,
That all the world might hear it.

7 If no greater joys are known,
In the upper regions ;
I will try to travel on,
In this pure religion.
Heaven's here, and heaven's there,
Glory's here and yonder ;
Brightest seraphs shout amen,
While all the angels wonder

HYMN 110. P. M.

The Resurrection.—REV. JOSEPH RUSLING.

1 "NOW is Christ risen from the dead,"
And death and hell are captive led,
The angels do proclaim :
And soon shall slumbering millions rise,

To sing triumphant through the skies,
The victories of the Lamb.

2 "The Lord is risen"—and boundless love,
In streams immortal from above,
With ceaseless plenty flow;
And God the nations shall inspire,
And far extend the hallowed fire,
Through all the world below.

3 "The Lord is risen"—and now behold
The judgment day, so long foretold;
That awful scene of power:
The great archangel then shall stand,
His feet upon the sea and land,
And swear that time's no more.

4 "The Lord himself"—with grandeur comes,
To wake the nations in the tombs,
Their destiny to hear;
The saints triumphant mount to heaven,
While unbelievers all are driven
To infinite despair.

5 Oh, gracious Lord thy Spirit give,
And teach thy servant how to live,
To love my God alone!
Bring me and all my brethren dear,
Immortal happiness to share,
With millions round the throne.

HYMN 111. P. M.

The Poor Man's Cot.—JOSHUA MAASDEN.

1 **I**N the poor man's cot we kneel'd to pray,
And heaven smiled above;

In the poor man's cot I spent a day,
That left behind a hallowing ray—
It was the day of love.

2 In the poor man's cot we sung a psalm,
And pleasing was the rite;
'Twas to the poor man's bosom balm,
And sweet to God as martyr's palm,
Or hymn from angel bright.

HYMN 112. P. M.

The Star in the East.

1 **H**AILE the blest morn when the great
Mediator,
Down from the regions of glory descends;
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the man-
ger,
Lo! for your guide the bright angel attends.

CHORUS.

*Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Shine on our darkness and lend us your
aid;*

*Star in the east the horizon adorning,
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.*

2 Cold in his cradle the dewdrops are shi-
ning,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the
stall:

Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,
Maker and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
Brightest and best, &c.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odours of Eden, in offerings divine;
 Gems from the mountain, and pearls from
 the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the
 mine?

Brightest and best, &c.

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gold would his favour secure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the pray'rs of the poor.

Brightest and best, &c.

HYMN 113. P. M.

THE FAMILY BIBLE.

"O that I were as in months past."--Job
 xxix. 2.

1 **H**OW painfully pleasing the fond recol-
 lection,
 Of youthful connexions and innocent joy;
 When bless'd with parental advice and affec-
 tion,
 Surrounded with mercies—with peace from
 on high:
 I still view the chairs of my sire and mother,
 The seats of each offspring as ranged on
 each hand,
 And that richest of books, which excelled
 every other,
 The Family Bible which lay on the stand.

The oldfashion'd Bible, the dear blessed
Bible,
The Family Bible which lay on the stand.

2 That Bible, the volume of God's inspira-
tion,
At morn and at evening, could yield us de-
light;
And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invo-
cation,
For mercy by day, and for safety through
night.
Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony
swelling,
All warm from the hearts of the family
band,
Half raised us from earth to that rapturous
dwelling,
Described in the Bible that lay on the
stand.
The oldfashion'd Bible, the dear blessed
Bible,
The Family Bible that lay on the stand.

3 Ye scenes of tranquillity, long have we
parted;
My hopes almost gone—and my parents
no more,—
In sorrow and sadness, I live broken-
hearted,
And wander unknown on a far distant
shore;

Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's protection,

Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand :
O let me with patience receive his correction,
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand—

The oldfashion'd Bible, the dear blessed Bible,

The Family Bible that lay on the stand.

HYMN 114. P. M.

1 **W**HERE two or three together meet,
My love and mercy to repeat,
And tell what I have done :
There will I be, saith God to bless,
And ev'ry burden'd soul redress,
Who worships at my throne.

2 Make one in this assembly, Lord,
Speak to each heart some cheering word
To set the spirit free ;
Impart a kind celestial shower,
And grant that we may spend an hour,
In fellowship with thee.

HYMN 115. P. M.

Daniel's Wisdom.

1 **D**ANIEL'S wisdom may I know,
Stephen's faith and spirit show,
John's divine communion feel,
Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal ;

Run like th' unwearied Paul,
Win the day and conquer all.

2 Mary's love may I possess,
Lydia's tender-heartedness,
Peter's ardent spirit feel,
James' faith by works reveal;
Like young Timothy, may I
Every sinful passion fly.

3 Job's submission may I show,
David's true devotion know,
Samuel's call O may I hear,
Lazarus' happy portion share;
Let Isaiah's hallowed fire
All my new-born soul inspire.

4 Mine be Jacob's wrestling prayer,
Gideon's steadfast valiant care,
Joseph's purity impart,
Isaac's meditating heart;
Abraham's friendship let me prove,
Faithful to the God I love.

5 Most of all may I pursue,
That example Jesus drew;
By my life and conduct show,
How he lived and walk'd below;
Day by day through grace restored,
Imitate my blessed Lord.

6 When those dreams of life are fled,
When those wasting lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Youth and fame and power are laid;

Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

HYMN 116. C. M.

Jacob's Well.

- 1 **A**T Jacob's well, a stranger sought,
His drooping frame to cheer;
Samaria's daughter little thought,
That Jacob's God was there.
- 2 This had she known, her fainting mind
For richer draughts had sigh'd;
Nor had Messiah, ever kind,
That richer draught denied.
- 3 This ancient well (no glass so true)
Columbia's image shows;
Now Jesus goes Columbia through,
But who the stranger knows?
- 4 Columbia must this stranger know,
Or soon her loss deplore;
Behold the living waters flow,
Come, drink, and thirst no more.

HYMN 117. L. M.

Seamen, sing Praises.—C. A.

- 1 **S**ING, seamen, sing to God on high!
And let his praise on every breeze,
Sound to all lands, both far and nigh,
O'er swelling floods and raging seas.
- 2 So He ordains that you should sing,
And tell the world his power to save;
To heathen lands his gospel bring,
To cheer their passage to the grave.

- 3 Then sing, dear seamen, sing and tell
Of all the goodness of the Lord,
In saving men from sin and hell,
By his good Spirit and his word.
- 4 By land or sea, at home, abroad,
In Christian or in heathen lands;
Lift up your voice and praise your God,
In all the labour of your hands.

HYMN 118. C. M.

The Lord's Prayer.

- 1 OUR Father who in heaven art,
All hallowed be thy name,
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done
Throughout this earthly frame.
- 2 Give us this day our daily bread,
Our trespasses forgive;
As we forgive our fellow men,
For injuries received.
- 3 Into temptation lead us not,
From evil us defend;
For thine the kingdom is, O Lord,
And glory without end.

HYMN 119. C. M.

"O that I were as in months past."—Job
xxix. 2.

- 1 SWEET was the time, when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood,
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tuned my tongue
And when the evening shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.
- 3 In pray'r my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.
- 4 But now when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.
- 5 My pray'rs are now an empty noise,
For Jesus hides his face;
I read—the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.
- 6 Rise, Lord, now help me to prevail,
And make my soul thy care
I know thy mercy cannot fail—
Let me that mercy share.

HYMN 120. C. M.

"The Fear of God."—Prov. xxiii. 27.

- 1 **T**HRIICE happy souls, who, born of
heaven,
While yet they sojourn here,
Humbly begin their days with God,
And spend them in his fear.
- 2 So may our eyes with holy zeal
Prevent the dawning day;

And turn the sacred pages o'er,
And praise thy name and pray.

3 Midst hourly cares may love present
Its incense to thy throne ;
And, while the world our hands employ,
Our hearts be thine alone.

4 At night we lean our weary heads
On thy paternal breast ;
And, safely folded in thine arms,
Resign our powers to rest.

5 In solid, pure delights, like these,
Let all my days be past ;
Nor shall I then impatient wish
Nor shall I fear the last.

HYMN 121. P. M.

1 **H**AIL to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son ;
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free ;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong ;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,

Whose souls condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall come down, like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth :
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace the herald go,
And righteousness in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 For Him shall pray'r unceasing,
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand for ever ;
That name to us is—LOVE.

HYMN 122. L. M.

"Hiding-place."—Isaiah xxxii. 2.

1 **H**AIL, sovereign love, that first began,
The scheme to rescue fallen man !
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place.

2 Against the God that rules the sky,
I fought with hands uplifted high
Despised the offers of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.

3 Inwrapp'd in dark Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding-place.

4 But thus the eternal counsel ran :
" Almighty love ! arrest the man ;"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place.

5 Vindictive justice stood in view ;
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew ;
But justice cried with frowning face :
" This mountain is no hiding-place."

6 But lo ! a heavenly voice I heard—
And mercy's angel soon appear'd ;
Who led me on a pleasing pace,
To Jesus Christ, my hiding-place.

7 On him Almighty vengeance fell,
Which must have sunk a world to hell ;
He bore it for his chosen race,
And now he is my hiding-place.

HYMN 123. P. M.

Brother Sailor.

1 **Y**E sons of the main, ye that sail o'er
the flood,
Whose sins, big as mountains, have reach'd
up to God,
Remember thy short voyage of life soon will
end,
Then come, brother sailor, make Jesus your
friend.

2 Look astern on your life, see your wake
mark'd with sin,

Look ahead ! see what torments you'll soon
founder in :

The hard rocks of death will soon beat out
your keel,

Then your vessel and cargo will all sink to hell.

3 Lay by your old compass, 'twill do you no
good,

It ne'er will direct you the right way to God ;

Mind your helm, brother sailor, and don't fall
asleep,

Watch and pray, night and day, lest you sink
in the deep.

4 Spring your luff, brother sailor, the breeze
now is fair ;

Trim your sails to the wind, and those tor-
ments you'll clear.

Thy leading star, Jesus, keep full in your view,
You'll weather the danger, he'll guide you
safe through.

5 Renounce your old captain, the devil,
straightway,

The crew that you sail with, will lead you
astray ;

Desert their black colours, come under the red,
Where Jesus is captain, to conquest be led.

6 His standard's unfurl'd, see it wave thro'
the air,

And volunteers coming from far off and near :

Now's the time, brother sailor, no longer de-
lay,
Embark now with Jesus, good wages he'll
pay.

7 The bounty he'll give when the voyage
doth begin,
Is justification and freedom from sin
Good usage he'll give, while you sail on the
way,
And shortly you'll anchor in heaven's broad
bay.

8 In the harbour of glory for ever you'll ride,
Free from quicksands, and dangers, and sin's
rapid tide:
Waves of death cease to roll, and tempests
are o'er;
The hoarse breath of Boreas dismast thee no
more.

9 Thy tarpawling jacket no longer you'll wear,
But robes of bright glory all shining and fair:
A crown on thy head, that would dazzle the
sun,
And from glory to glory eternally run.

HYMN 124. P. M.

On Prayer.—JOSHUA MARSDEN.

1 **P**RAYER its way to God can find,
From earth's deepest centre;
Though a wall of steel confined,
Prayer that wall would enter:
Who can trace a beam of light
From the daystar parted?

Prayer, more rapid in its flight,
From the mind is darted.

2 Prayer to God ascends with ease,
From the polar ices;
From our isle's antipodes,
From the land of spices :
From an Inquisition's gloom,
Where the wretched languish;
From the margin of the tomb,
And the bed of anguish.

3 Place the Christian where you will,
Scripture doth aver it ;
Heaven's eye is fixed still
On the praying spirit :
Though on dreary wilds alone,
Outcast and distressed,
Prayer's a pathway to the throne ;
Find it, and be blessed.

4 North or south, or pine or palm,
Vale, or mountain hoary,
Breathe a prayer, repeat a psalm,
'Tis the porch of glory.
Frigid, mild, or burning zone,
Distance is not in it ;
Prayer from earth to Mercy's throne,
Passes in a minute.

5 Wheresoe'er thy lot command,
Brother, pilgrim, stranger,
God is ever near at hand,
Golden shield from danger

Near the Niger or the Nile,
Or where forests bound thee,
On creation's farthest isle,
Mercy's smiles surround thee.

HYMN 125. L. M.

The Closet.—RODOLPHUS.

- 1 **I**NSPIRER of secret devotion,
Illumine my mind that the lay,
Enkindled from heartfelt emotion,
May urge to the closet to pray.
- 2 Would sinner escape from destruction,
Pronounce his hard master and way,
Be freed from his wiles and seduction?
O! fly to the closet and pray.
- 3 Would he who was once a believer,
But now from the fold far astray,
Return and deceive the Deceiver?
Then haste to the closet and pray.
- 4 Do darkness and clouds hover over,
Temptations arise in the way,
Seems faithless the heavenly lover?
So, fervently, zealously, pray.
- 5 Has suffered thy peace an infraction?
Has death taken best loved away?
Does grief wring thy heart to distraction?
Retire to thy secret place!—pray.
- 6 Has the hand of thy Maker come near thee,
Would spirit depart from the clay,
Oh! cry to the Lord, he will hear thee,
From the sick bed; pray, ardently pray.

FUNERAL HYMNS.

HYMN 126. C. M.

"Children dying in their infancy, in the arms of Jesus."—Matt. xix. 14.

1 **T**HY life I read my dearest Lord,
With transports all divine;
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.

2 Methinks I see a thousand charms,
Spread o'er thy lovely face;
While infants in thy tender arms,
Receive the smiling grace.

3 "I take these little lambs," said he,
"And lay them on my breast,
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest,

4 Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.

5 Their feeble frames my pow'r shall raise,
And mould with heavenly skill:

I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will."

6 His words the happy parents hear,
And shout with joy divine ;
Dear Saviour, all we have and are,
Shall be for ever thine.

HYMN 127. P. M.

On the Death of a Widow.

1 **G**IVE glory to Jesus our head,
With all that encompass his throne,
A widow, a widow indeed,
A mother in Israel's gone
The winter of trouble is past,
The storms of affliction are o'er :
Her struggle is ended at last,
And sorrow and death are no more.

2 The soul hath o'ertaken her mate,
And caught him again in the sky,
Advanced to her happy estate,
And pleasure that never shall die :
Where glorified spirits by night,
Converse in their holy abode,
As stars in the firmament bright,
And pure as the angels of God.

3 Inflamed with seraphical love,
Combined in a manner unknown,
Not given in marriage above,
Or given to Jesus alone ;

The just, who admitted by grace,
That first resurrection attain,
With rapture each other embrace,
And one with the Deity reign.

4 O heaven ! what a triumph is there,
While all in his praises agree,
This beautiful character bear,
And shine with the glory they see !
The glory of God and the Lamb,
(While all in the ecstasy join,)
Darts into their spiritual frame,
And gives the enjoyment divine.

5 In loud hallelujahs they sing,
And harmony echoes his praise ;
When lo ! the celestial King
Pours out the full light of his face ;
The joy, neither angel nor saint,
Can bear so ineffably great ;
But lo ! the whole company faint,
And heaven is found—at his feet.

HYMN 128. P. M.

1 **S**ERVANT of God, well done,
Thy glorious warfare's past,
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crown'd at last.
Of all thy heart's desire,
Triumphantly possess'd,
Lodged by the ministerial choir,
In thy Redeemer's breast.

- 2 In condescending love,
 Thy ceaseless pray'r he heard,
 And bade thee suddenly remove,
 To thy complete reward;
 Ready to bring thee peace,
 Thy beauteous feet were shod,
 When mercy sign'd thy soul's release,
 And caught thee up to God.
- 3 With saints enthroned on high,
 Thou dost thy Lord proclaim,
 And still to God *salvation* cry,
 Salvation to the Lamb!
 O happy, happy soul!
 In ecstasies of praise,
 Long as eternal ages roll,
 Thou seest thy Saviour's face.
- 4 Redeem'd from earth and pain,
 Ah! when shall we ascend,
 And all in Jesus' presence reign,
 With our translated friend!
 Come, Lord, and quickly come,
 And when in thee complete,
 Receive thy longing servants home,
 To triumph at thy feet.

HYMN 129. C. M.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."—Rev. xiv. 13.

- 1 **H**EAR what the voice from heaven pro-
 claims,
 For all the pious dead;

- Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They die in Jesus and are bless'd;
How kind their slumbers are
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from ev'ry snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

HYMN 130. C. M.

- 1 **P**RAY, cast a look upon that bier,
A corpse must preach to-day,
It tells the old, and young, and fair,
Their house is built of clay.
- 2 The strong may think their house a rock,
Yet soon as Jesus calls,
Some sickness brings a fatal shock,
And down the building falls.
- 3 The limbs, now lifeless, only crave
A coffin for their bed,
With leave to find a silent grave,
And lodge among the dead.
- 4 The funeral knell, you hear to-day,
By tolling tells your doom;
The hours are posting fast away,
To lodge you in the tomb.
- 5 But are you wash'd in Jesus' blood,
And thus prepared to die?

This blood alone gives peace with God,
And ripens for the sky.

6 The Saviour yet invites you all
To knock at mercy's gate;
Arise, arise, for mercy call,
Before it be too late.

HYMN 131. P. M.

1 CHRISTIANS, view this solemn scene
And if your souls be sad,
Look beyond the cloud between;
And let your hearts be glad.
Never from your mem'ry lose,
The resurrection of the just;
Death's a blessing now to those
Who in our Jesus trust.

2 Deep interr'd in earth's dark womb,
The mould'ring body lies,
But the Christian from the tomb,
Shall soon triumphant rise.
Jesus Christ the righteous judge,
For all his people's sins was slain,
Give the Saviour without grudge,
The purchase of his pain.

3 Now the grave's a downy bed,
Embroider'd round with blood;
Say not the believer's dead,
He only rests in God.
Lord, we long to be at home;
Lay down our heads and sleep in thee.

Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come;
And set thy prisoners free.

HYMN 132. P. M.

Funeral Consolation.

- 1 **H**EAR what the voice from heaven declares,
To those in Christ who die!
Released from all their earthly cares,
They reign with him on high.
- 2 Then, why lament departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
Death's but the servant Jesus sends,
To call us to his arms.
- 3 If sin be pardon'd, we're secure,
Death has no sting beside!
The law gave sin its strength and pow'r;
But Christ, our ransom, died!
- 4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
When in the grave he lay;
And rising thence, their hopes he raised
To everlasting day!
- 5 Then joyfully, while life we have,
To Christ, our life, we'll sing—
"Where is thy victory, O grave?
And where, O death, thy sting?"

HYMN 133. C. M.

At the Funeral of a Child.

- 1 **B**EMOANING the state of the dead
A visit alarming to me;

The soul of this dear child is fled,
 Its sweet face no more I shall see.
 To the arms of my Jesus 'tis gone,
 Was snatch'd in a moment away,
 Then let us prepare to go on,
 It's a debt that we mortals must pay.

2 This wonderful bloom for its years,
 This promising flower's cut down;
 And parents drop pitiful tears,
 While dust unto dust must return,
 Resigning what God to us gave,
 Submissive and meekly we mourn!
 Let this teach us how to behave,
 In the grave we must shortly lie down.

3 We'll cease to be fond of this clay,
 We'll follow the spirit that's fled;
 Where angels and bright company,
 Do welcome it home to its God.
 Clothed with immortality,
 Adorn'd in the bright wedding dress,
 Of innocent purity,
 In paradise happy at rest.

HYMN 134. L. M.

For the Funeral of an Infant.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul and hear the sigh
 Of those who mourn this day—
 Let tears distil from ev'ry eye,
 And ev'ry mourner pray.
- 2 No more the smiling babe is seen;
 Behold the gaping tomb!

The tender plant so fresh and green,
Has met its final doom.

3 The golden bowl by death is broke
The pitcher's burst in twain :
The cistern wheel has felt the stroke—
The pleasant child is slain.

4 The winding-sheet now binds its limbs,
The coffin holds it fast :
To-day it's seen by all its friends,
But this must be the last.

5 Until the Lord shall come to judge
The nations great and small,
And you and I before him stand,
And at his presence fall.

HYMN 135. C. M.

On the Death of a Child.—2 Sam. xii.
22, 23.

1 **A**N early summons Jesus sends,
To call a child above :
And whispers o'er the weeping friends
'Tis all the fruit of love.

2 To save the darling child from wo,
And guard it from all harms,
From all the griefs you feel below,
I call'd it to my arms.

3 Ah, do not rashly with me strive,
Nor vainly fast or weep ;
The child, though dead, is yet alive,
And only fallen asleep.

- 4 'Tis on the Saviour's bosom laid,
And feels no sorrow there ;
'Tis by a heav'nly parent fed,
And needs no more your care.
- 5 To you the child was only lent,
While mortal it was thine ;
But now in robes immortal pent,
It lives for ever mine.
- 6 Arise, and run the heavenly road,
Nor in dumb mourning sit ;
Look up towards the child's abode,
And haste to follow it.

HYMN 136. P. M.

At the Funeral of a Child.

- 1 **B**EHOLD ! a sweet and lovely child,
Which once so fair, serene, and mild,
Has bid the world adieu !
No more it feels the pangs of death,
Or heaves the agonizing breath,
No tears its cheeks bedew.
- 2 Around the azure throne of God,
The soul now takes its high abode,
To dwell in heavenly peace ;
Among the saints and angels bless'd,
It shall partake of endless rest,
In joys that ne'er decrease.
- 3 Why then lament this sleeping clay,
Or mourn the separating day,
Since he is free from pain !

Yea, rather let us all prepare,
 For portions that eternal are,
 For this will be our gain.

4 With reverential awe and dread,
 We view our infant children dead,
 And grieve their hapless fate!
 But did we realize the joy,
 Which does their blessed tongues employ,
 How pleased to see their state.

HYMN 137. C. M.

At the Funeral of a Young Person.

1 **W**HEN blooming youth is snatch'd
 away,
 By death's resistless hand,
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
 Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
 O may this truth impress'd,
 With awful power,—I too must die,—
 Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more,
 Behold the gaping tomb!
 It bids us seize the present hour,
 To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene,
 May ev'ry heart obey:
 Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
 Which calls to watch and pray.

5 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

6 Great God, thy saving grace impart,
With cleansing, healing power;
This only can prepare the heart,
For death's surprising hour.

HYMN 138. C. M.

Death and Judgment appointed to all.—
Heb. ix. 27.

1 **H**EAVEN has confirm'd the great decree,
That Adam's race must die;
One general ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.

2 Ye living men, the tomb survey,
Where you must quickly dwell;
Hark, how the awful summons sounds,
In ev'ry funeral knell!

3 Once you must die, and once for all,
The solemn purport weigh;
For know, that heaven or hell attend,
On that important day.

4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veil'd,
Must wake, the Judge to see;
And ev'ry word, and ev'ry thought,
Must pass his scrutiny.

5 O may I in the Judge behold,
 My Saviour and my friend,
 And far beyond the reach of death,
 With all his saints ascend.

HYMN 139. C. M.

Moses dying in the embraces of God.

1 **D**EATH cannot make our souls afraid,
 If God be with us there;
 We may walk through its darkest shade,
 And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below,
 If my Creator bid,
 And run if I were call'd to go,
 And die as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
 And view the promised land,
 My flesh itself would long to drop,
 And pray for the command.

4 Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms,
 I would forget my breath;
 And lose my life among the charms,
 Of so divine a death.

HYMN 140. L. M.

1 **A**S fades the landscape from the sight,
 When evening shades obscure the
 light;
 So fade, alas! the joys of earth,
 And wither e'er they scarce have birth.

2 As fades the lovely blooming flower,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour,
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasures only bloom to die.

3 As fades our friendship's early joy,
The seeming gold is half alloy,
That tie that binds the human heart,
The closer drawn—will sooner part.

4 Thus fades our sweetest comforts here,
Our dearest friends—they disappear,
When the loud call from God is given,
"They sleep in death, to wake in heaven."

5 But there are joys that never fade,
Where these privations ne'er invade,
Where virtue its reward shall prove,
And "triumph in redeeming love."

HYMN 141. C. M.

1 **D**EATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home:
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?

2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord;
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.

3 God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.

4 Nor has the king of grace decreed
This prize for me alone ;
But all that love, and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.

5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe
From ev'ry ill design ;
And to his heav'nly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.

6 God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain :
To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise, amen.

FINIS.

INDEX.

	<i>Hymn.</i>
AWAKE , O guilty world, awake,	1
Almighty love inspire,	32
Awake, my soul, to joyful lays,	38
Awak'd by Sinai's awful sound,	44
Arise and shine, O Zion fair,	48
As near to Calvary I pass,	49
Arise, my soul, to Pisgah's height,	65
Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat,	79
Afflictions though they seem severe,	80
Adieu! my dear brethren, adieu!	87
Among the Jewish nations, &c. . . .	102
A fountain in Jesus which runs always free,	103
Am I indeed born from above,	105
At Jacob's well a stranger sought,	116
BEHOLD! the awful day is coming,	18
Brethren see my Jesus coming,	28
COME , and taste along with me,	16
Come, sinners, leave your carnal songs,	20
Camp-meetings with success are crown'd,	22
Camp-meetings with thy presence crown,	23
Come, my Christian brethren, come,	34
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,	47
Come, ye that love the Lord indeed,	69
Come, and taste along with me,	75
Come, humble sinner, in whose breast,	78
Come, my brethren, let us try,	82
Come, humble souls, ye mourners come,	67
DON'T you see my Jesus coming,	27
Dark and thorny is the desert,	66
Dear friends for a week we must part,	92
Drooping saints, no longer grieve,	109
Daniel's wisdom may I know,	114
EARTH has engross'd my love too long,	104
FROM the regions of love, &c. . . .	14
Farewell, dear friends. I must be gone,	60
From all that's mortal. all that's vain,	71
Fare thee well, the ship is ready,	54

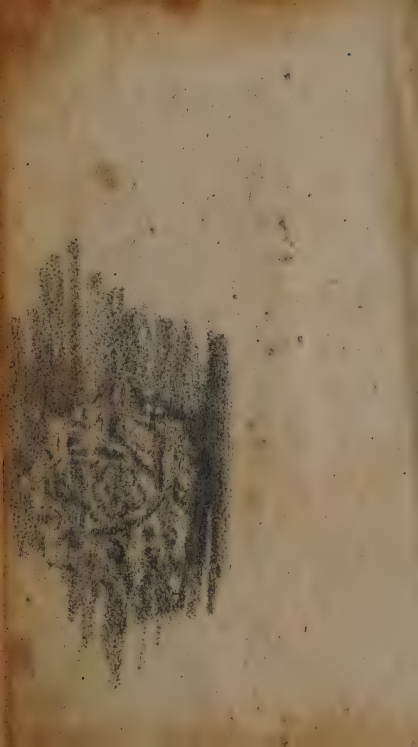
GLORY to Jesus for his love,	26
HOSANNA to Jesus, &c.	2
Hark ! hear that solemn groan,	15
How blest are they whose hearts are clean,	19
How can I vent my grief,	21
His vestments of righteousness,	37
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,	61
How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,	62
How dreadful is the thought of death,	100
Hark ! from the cross a gracious voice,	101
Hail the blest morn when the great Mediator,	112
How painfully pleasing the fond recollection,	113
Hail to the Lord's anointed,	120
Hail, sovereign love, that first began,	121
IN evil long I took delight,	7
Is there any body here like weeping Mary ?	10
In the poor man's cot we kneeled to pray,	111
Inspirer of secret devotion,	125
JESUS, at thy command,	12
Jesus, grant us all a blessing,	57
Jerusalem, my happy home,	59
'LISTED into the cause of sin,	11
Let thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,	33
Lord ! what a wretched land is this,	51
Lord ! dismiss us with thy blessing,	58
MERCY, O thou Son of David,	6
Mid scenes of confusion, &c.	24
My soul doth in Jesus rejoice,	25
My soul in this curious house of clay,	86
Man in his first creation, &c.	94
My days, my weeks, my months, my years,	99
NOW pilgrims let us go in peace,	46
Now is Christ risen from the dead,	110
O WHEN shall I see Jesus,	36
O thou in whose presence,	39
O give me, Lord, my sins to mourn,	39

O for a breeze of heavenly love,	50
O shall we pine away,	54
O what amazing love is this,	63
Our souls by love together knit,	83
O hearken sinners we have cause,	97
Our Father who in heaven art,	118
PRAYER its way to God can find,	124
RELIGION is the purest stream,	73
STOP, poor sinner, stop and think,	5
See th' Eternal Judge descending,	13
Saviour, visit thy plantation,	67
Sweet rivers of redeeming love,	95
Saw ye my Saviour,	98
Sing, seamen, sing to God on high,	117
Sweet was the time, when first I felt,	118
THE Son of man they did betray,	3
To-day if you will hear his voice,	4
Throughout the Saviour's life we trace,	8
The voice of Free Grace,	31
Through tribulations deep,	41
The Lord's into his garden come,	43
The glorious day is drawing nigh,	52
'Tis good to wait upon the Lord,	64
There is a heaven o'er yonder skies,	70
There is a land of pleasure,	72
To keep the lamp alive,	77
There grows on earth a lovely tree,	84
The seventh trumpet we'll soon hear,	93
There is a holy city,	96
The morning sun rose bright and clear,	106
Thrice happy souls, who born of heaven,	120
WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,	9
What glorious sound is this I hear,	17
With pleasure behold,	29
When languor and disease invade,	40
What various hind'rances we meet,	45
We're met dear friends in Jesu's name,	53

Welcome, dear brethren, to this place,	-	56
When sorrows compass me around,	- - -	76
When on the cross, my Lord, I see,	- - -	81
When my Saviour, my Shepherd, is near,	-	85
Whither goest thou pilgrim stranger,	- -	89
When I set out for glory,	- - - - -	90
What is this world with all its store,	- - -	74
While Shepherds in Jewry, &c.	- - -	108
When Joseph his brethren beheld,	- - -	107
Where two or three together meet,	- - -	114
YE jewels of my Master,	- - - - -	30
Young people all attention give,	- - -	42
Ye virgin souls arise,	- - - - -	68
Ye fearful saints march on,	- - - - -	91
Ye sons of the main, &c.	- - - - -	123

FUNERAL HYMNS.

AWAKE my soul, and hear the sigh,	- - -	134
An early summons Jesus sends,	- - -	135
As fades the landscape from the sight,	- -	140
BEMOANING the state of the dead,	- - -	133
Behold a sweet and lovely child,	- - -	136
CHRISTIANS, view this solemn scene,	- -	131
DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,	- -	139
Death may dissolve my body now,	- - -	141
GIVE glory to Jesus our head,	- - - - -	127
HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims,		129
Hear what the voice from heaven declares,	-	132
Heaven has confirmed the great decree,	-	138
PRAY, cast a look upon that bier,	- - -	130
SERVANT of God, well done,	- - - - -	128
THY life I read my dearest Lord,	- - -	126
WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away,	-	137





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111

